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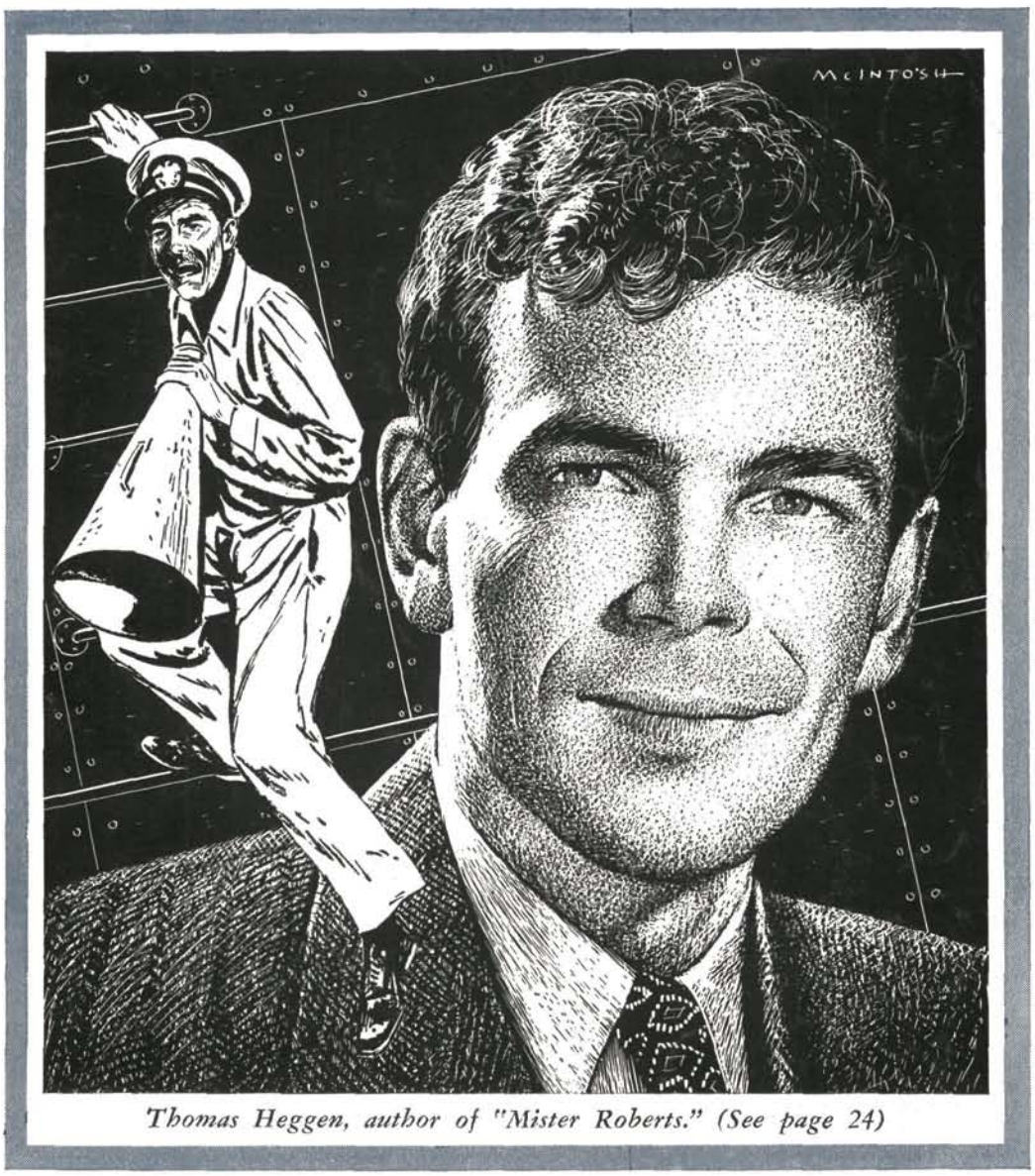

Thomas Heggen, author of "Mister Roberts." *(See page 24)*

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BY JOHN F. WHARTON

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March 6, 1948

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garnitse, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXI, No. 10, March 6, 1948. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1948, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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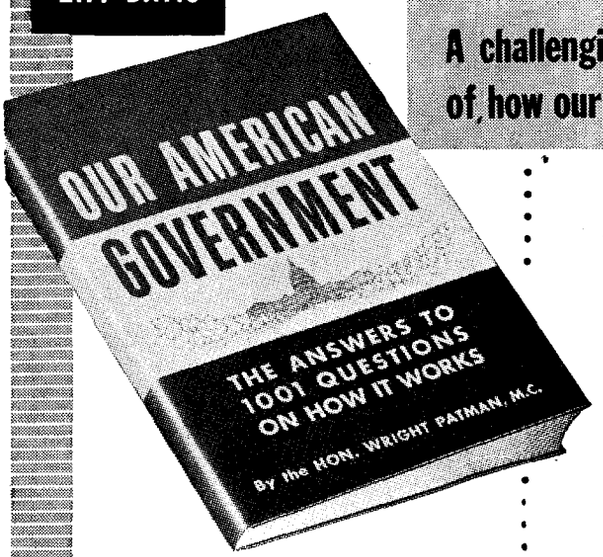

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TRADE Winds

THAT EXCELLENT bi-weekly house organ of the Columbia University Press, *The Pleasures of Publishing*, has collected some pertinent paragraphs by famous writers that readers of Trade Winds will relish, I feel sure.

In "The Moon and Sixpence," Somerset Maugham gives some stern counsel to fellow authors:

> I forget who it was that recommended men for their soul's good to do each day two things they disliked: it was a wise man, and it is a precept that I have followed scrupulously; for every day I have got up and I have gone to bed. But there is in my nature a strain of asceticism, and I have subjected my flesh each week to a more severe mortification. I have never failed to read the Literary Supplement of *The Times*. It is a salutary discipline to consider the vast number of books that are written, the fair hopes with which their authors see them published, and the fate which awaits them. What chance is there that any book will make its way among that multitude? And the successful books are but the successes of a season.
>
> Heaven knows what pains the author has been at, what bitter experiences he has endured, and what heartache suffered, to give some chance reader a few hours' relaxation or to while away the tedium of a journey. And if I may judge from the reviews, many of these books are well and carefully written; much thought has gone to their composition; to some even has been given the anxious labor of a lifetime. The moral I drew is that the writer should seek his reward in the pleasure of his work and in release from the burden of his thought; and, indifferent to aught else, care nothing for praise or censure, failure or success.

In "A Study of History," Arnold J. Toynbee has some thoughts on his specialty:

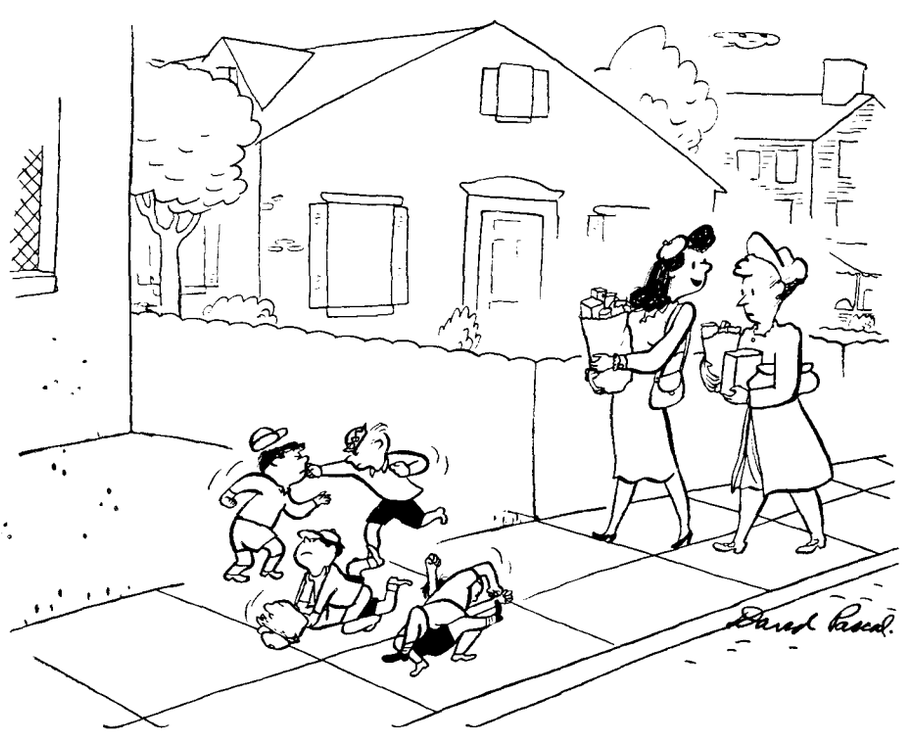
> History, like drama and the novel, grew out of mythology, a primitive form of apprehension and expression in which—as in fairy tales listened to by children or in dreams dreamt by sophisticated adults—the line between fact and fiction is left undrawn. It has, for example, been said of the Iliad that anyone who starts reading it as history will find that it is full of fiction but, equally, anyone who starts reading it as fiction will find that it is full of history.
>
> All histories resemble the Iliad to this extent, that they cannot entirely dispense with the fictional element. The mere selection, arrangement, and presentation of facts is a technique belonging to the field of fiction, and popular opinion is right in its insistence that no historian can be "great" if he is not also a great artist; that the Gibbons and Macaulays are greater historians than the "Dryasdusts" (a name coined by Sir Walter Scott—himself a greater historian in some of his novels than in any of his "histories") who have avoided their more inspired confreres' factual inaccuracies. In any case, it is hardly possible to write two consecutive lines of historical narrative without introducing such fictitious personifications as "England," "France," "the Conservative Party," "the Church," "the press" or "public opinion." Thucydides dramatized "historical" personages by putting "fictitious" speeches and dialogues into their mouths, but his *oratio recta*, while more vivid, is really no more fictional than the labored *oratio obliqua* in which the moderns present their composite photographs of public opinion.

In "The Story of a Novel," Thomas Wolfe notes:

> We're still more perturbed by the strangeness of the writing profession than any other people I have known on the earth. It is for this reason, I think, that one finds among a great number of our people, I mean the laboring, farming sort of people from which I came, a kind of great wonder and doubt and romantic feeling about writers so that it is hard for them to understand that a writer may be one of them and not a man far away like Lord Byron or Tennyson or Percy Bysshe Shelley. Then there is another kind of American who has come from the more educated, university-going kind of people, and these people also become fascinated with the glamor and difficulty of writing, but in a different way. They get more involved or fancy than the most involved and fancy European people of this sort. They become more "Flauberty" than Flaubert. They establish little magazines that not only split a hair with the best of them, but they split more hairs than Europeans think of splitting.
>
> The Europeans say: "Oh God, where did these people, these esthetic Americans, ever come from?" Well, we have known it all. I think all of us who have tried to write in this country may have fallen in between these two groups of well-meaning and misguided people, and if we become writers finally, it is in spite of each of them.

In "Main Street," Sinclair Lewis reports this conversation between Carol Kennicott and the Gopher Prairie librarian:

> "Well, I'm sure," says Carol, "you will agree with me in one thing: The chief task of a librarian is to get people to read."
>
> "You feel so? My feeling, Mrs. Kennicott, and I am merely quoting the librarian of a very large college, is that the first duty of the conscientious librarian is to preserve the books. It may be all very well in cities, where they have unlimited funds, to let nasty children ruin books and just deliberately tear them up, and fresh young men take more books out than they are entitled to by the regulations, but I'm never going to permit it in this library."
>
> "What if some children are destructive? They learn to read. Books are cheaper than minds."
>
> "Nothing is cheaper than the minds of some of these children that



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HARPER & BROTHERS

come in and bother me simply because their mothers don't keep them home where they belong. Some librarians may choose to be so wishy-washy and turn their libraries into nursing-homes and kindergartens, but as long as I'm in charge, the Gopher Prairie library is going to be quiet and decent, and the books well kept!"

Dean Carl M. White of the School of Library Service points out, quite properly, that Mr. Lewis's paragraphs on the Gopher Prairie library are now more than a quarter of a century old, and adds:

> "We have checked the files of the School of Library Service," he reports, "and are proud to report that the first of our graduates to go to Gopher Prairie as librarian did not arrive in Mrs. Kennicott's time! Her rebuff came from no one who had received modern library training." . . .

A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE IN the Southwest, piratical in his younger days, but anxious to recapture the esteem of fellow-citizens in his dotage, overwhelmed the dean of the local college with a very generous donation. The wise old dean decided that the first thing to do with the unexpected funds was to hire a competent new head for the English department. The salary offered was generous, and so many applicants turned up for the job that they had to double up in the rooms of the only hotel in town.

The field narrowed down to two: one, Mr. Whitmore, a rather wistful, graying, and unquestionably erudite man of fifty, the other, Mr. Collins, a loquacious, bouncy chap at least twenty years younger, who looked more like a football coach, and unquestionably had a way with him as far as the students were concerned. As luck would have it, the two men shared the same room.

The dean and his advisers found it so hard to make a final choice that they decided to leave it all to a public address in the college chapel on the subject of Elizabethan literature. Whitmore spent three agonizing days writing his speech and memorizing it; his younger rival seemingly did no preparatory work at all, and continued making time with the local belles. Just before the contestants walked over to the chapel, however, Whitmore made a disquieting discovery. The typewritten copy of his speech had disappeared.

The gathering was called to order, and Collins, the younger contestant, given priority. While his rival watched with helpless despair, Collins calmly pulled the purloined speech out of his pocket and read it so eloquently that the audience rewarded him with a burst of cheers.

Now it was Whitmore's turn. The speech he had written contained everything he had to say. He was too shattered by the turn of events to improvise or try a new tack. With his face burning with embarrassment, and the surprised audience wriggling in its seats, he could only repeat the speech, word for word, that Collins had delivered so eloquently before him. As he bumbled on, however, the wise old dean's eyes never left his face.

The trustees retired to reach what appeared to be a foregone conclusion. Collins was so sure of his victory that he patted his silent rival on the back and said in a patronizing tone, "Don't take it too hard, pop. After all, only one of us could win." Then the dean came back and announced his decision.

Mr. Whitmore had been chosen for the post!

"You are entitled to know how we made our choice," the dean told the surprised audience. "All of us, of course, were surprised by the eloquence and erudition of Mr. Collins. I, for one, didn't know he had it in him. But you will remember that Mr. Collins read his speech to us. When Mr. Whitmore came before us, he repeated from memory every word of that same speech, although it is inconceivable that he ever heard a line of it before in his life. What a memory, gentlemen! And since a fine memory is an invaluable asset for a teacher of Elizabethan literature, we decided that Mr. Whitmore was the man we had been praying for."

As Whitmore, dazed but happy, was leaving the campus, the old dean came up and whispered in his ear, "When you're on our faculty, my boy, if I were you, I wouldn't leave my valuable papers lying about too carelessly." BENNETT CERF.

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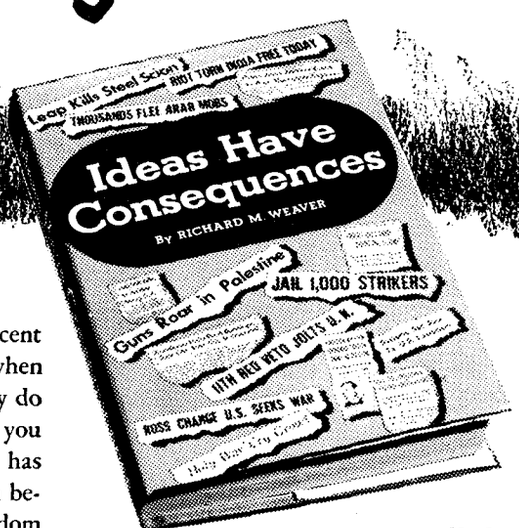
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The Saturday Review of Literature

How to Get from Monday to Friday

JOHN F. WHARTON

—*Halsman.*

John F. Wharton

IF YOU will look below, far below, the surface turmoil reported daily by the newspapers and news magazines, you will discern some powerful currents and cross-currents which are the basic causes of the surface unrest. You will also discover that we are on the threshold of one of the most exciting eras of human history, with possibilities that stagger the imagination. These do *not* derive from increased knowledge of nuclear physics, but from a snow-balling unfolding of the secrets of human behavior and purposes. If in the next thirty years we discover as much about psychic phenomena as we have about physical phenomena in the past thirty, then we shall certainly have a new earth—perhaps a new heaven, too.

The evidence that this era is at hand is mounting steadily. The importance of psychology is growing daily. The taboos which held it back are dropping. The Kinsey report on the behavior of the American male would have been impossible fifty years ago. Parapsychology, then a subject of complete scorn, is now an accepted field of study in numerous American and foreign universities. Psychiatry is spreading out at an unparalleled rate. Examples of men and women determined to find out more about their inner nature are appearing everywhere.

At the moment, however, many people are inclined to believe that while these developments may have a profound effect over the long term, they are of little value in solving our personal short-term problems. Most of us have ninety-nine per cent of our time and energy taken up with the problem of how to get from Monday to Friday; it is the one problem which really occupies our attention. It might be of value, therefore, to take one of the current abstract psychological theories and show how it may be—perhaps one could say that it already is—revolutionizing Monday to Friday in the industrial, agricultural, and mercantile world.

A Purpose in Life

THIS theory revolves around a viewpoint developed by Professor Hadley Cantril of Princeton,* in regard to evolution. Looking back over evolutionary history, he points out that one hitherto almost unnoticed factor becomes increasingly evident. The organism which was to evolve into man had one outstanding difference from all other organisms. It perpetually sought, and still seeks, the opportunity to grow and develop, mentally and physically,—perhaps mentally more than physically—and for this opportunity it will even risk security. For security — even when linked to survival itself—is not the ultimate goal. The highest goal is the search for more and more complex problems against which we can pit the ingenuity of our ever-evolving minds. Otherwise, the human race would long since have ceased its explorations into the psychical and physical, and we would not today be faced with the problem of dealing with an energy which could destroy us all.*

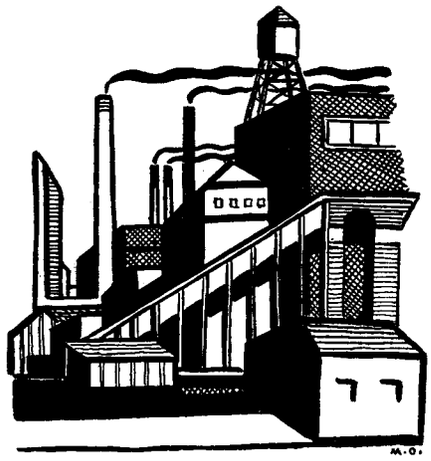
This is not to say that the search for security is not basic. Human growth and development require certain favorable conditions. In any society today, therefore, there are two conflicting drives in every man and woman: the search for security and the desire to risk it for an opportunity to exercise one's full ingenuity. The resolution of this conflict is one of the basic sociological problems of today.

Much of the greatness of our country stems from its amazing originality in dealing with this conflict. In the eighteenth century we attacked the problem on the political level and came up with the idea of representative democracy, which most of the wiseacres of the day were certain could not work. How could you possibly propose to give each citizen equal security before the law and at the same time let the "ignorant masses" exercise their ingenuity in changing the law? Disruption and chaos would be the certain result. Yet representative democracy remains the world's one best political hope today. Even some totalitarians give lip-service to it.

In the nineteenth century, economic factors began to take precedence and by 1870 overshadowed all others. Here again we evolved a novel idea.

It was generally accepted then, and still is by many people, that the major purpose in life was to make money, as much money as possible. Happiness, would, of course, inevitably follow, for the man who could make

*UNDERSTANDING MAN'S SOCIAL BEHAVIOR—PRELIMINARY NOTES. By Hadley Cantrill. Princeton, N. J.: Office of Public Opinion Research. 1948. 75 pp. $1.



*The desire for problems worthy of our abilities can be illustrated in a more homely way by our attitude toward sports. When one begins to learn any game, the first quest is for a technique which at least makes one comfortable on the links, tennis court or at the bridge table,—for example. This is "security." As soon as that is achieved, the player seeks opponents, and as he improves, he seeks opponents as good as or better than himself. No one *enjoys* beating a clearly inferior player, despite the sense of security during the match.

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money could certainly deal with such minor problems as his relations with his wife, children, neighbor, and his own soul. The only difficulty was that not everybody could make a lot of money; indeed, nobody could unless several million people performed routine, ill-paid jobs, which they would only do if the sole other alternative was starvation—loss of all security. This difficulty was overcome by setting up what might be best described as an economic lottery.

To the young man starting his career, the cost of the ticket was the human effort he would put into work during the rest of his life. That effort might pay off in fantastic style and put him into the millionaire class; it might pay off pretty well and he would become one of the well-to-do; if it only paid off reasonably well, he was in the middle class; if his luck were very bad, he would land in that great group which just about managed to survive. This was the group which was expected to accept their bad luck and perform the routine, ill-paid tasks. The young man vaguely realized all this. All right, he would take his chance. In the bright lexicon of youth there *was* no such word as fail.

Of course, there were many factors other than productive work which entered into the lottery, although these were usually glossed over. Inherited wealth, lucky ownership of land which covered oil or minerals, a popular talent, are just a few. The women at first had only a lottery on a lottery—what man they happened to marry and what prize he drew. As time went on, these other factors tended to increase. A pretty face and figure, devoid of real acting talent, could still win fabulous prizes through the movies; a singing voice too small to fill a room could bring fortune over the microphone; the purchase of a little General Motors stock could yield a fortune twenty years later. There were, and are, some pretty unpleasant factors—getting into a position to offer political favors to those who could pay high for them, or simple, downright toadying to the powerful.*

With all its faults, the American system did two things better than any society had done before. It distributed the prizes with less inequality, and it offered more opportunities to get into the class which drew the very big prizes. It did another thing, perhaps even more important. While the Government was setting the rules of the game, there was growing up a conviction that there must be *fair play* under the rules, and this also carried a requirement that if you won the big prizes, you owed some moral duty to the unlucky losers. Some part of your winnings should go back to charity.†

The overwhelming success of this system was attested, if by no other fact, by the enormous immigration to these shores. We drew to ourselves much of the best stock from both Europe and Asia. These people came from countries which for hundreds, or thousands, of years had run *their* lotteries by very different rules. Indeed, you could hardly say there was any lottery at all.

In the old-fashioned aristocracy, a small group of nobles took the big prizes; everyone else got back only a tiny fraction of the price of his ticket. When you consider the deaths from famine, you could say some lost their ticket price altogether. Put in more conventional terms: there were only wealthy and powerful lords and penurious serfs, no middle class at all. Furthermore, unless you were lucky enough to be born into the upper group, there was almost no chance of admittance. Perhaps some notable service to the state, usually in war or exploration, might be an entry for a man; for a woman there was the possibility of a meretricious relationship. Because of this closed shop at the top, the only way to change was revolution, and as the demand for a redistribution of the output grew, the revolutions duly put in their appearance.

In some of these societies, something akin to a middle class did grow up. The craft guilds are a notable example. But the young man who apprenticed himself to a guild never could hope that he might end as the owner of a vast furniture company which made him richer than his early wildest dreams. There was a definite ceiling to the annual prizes he might draw.

It would appear, however, that this had certain advantages as far as human happiness, the real goal, was concerned. Since the craftsman could not dream of untold wealth, he could wholeheartedly turn his attention to his skill. He could never employ thousands of workers, but he could always strive to make each cabinet a greater masterpiece than the one before. There was always the individual opportunity to grow and develop; as his skill mounted he could tackle more and more difficult problems of design and

(*Continued on page* 29)

*The ultimate satisfactions were, of course, balanced off with still other factors—public respect or disdain, happy or unhappy family life, sex satisfaction or frustration, failure or success of one's children. What the final balance would show could not be determined until the end of an individual's life. Solon might well have said, "Call no one happy *or unhappy* until he's dead." People are, however, just beginning to realize the proper function of money-making—necessary but not, of itself, enough.

†The importance of this last factor is frequently overlooked. The decline of charity can be a powerful wrecking force, even in a democracy. Gerald Heard has pointed this out, in regard to France, in his brilliant book, "The Third Morality."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 727)

PERCY LUBBOCK:
[*Portrait of*] *EDITH WHARTON*

She was a singular young woman . . ., so acceptably attractive, so properly gay—and such a sharp beak of intelligence within, that pierced where it would, and that all the forms and laws of the world couldn't hold from its natural prey.

My Current Reading

SRL's founder and present chairman of the editorial board, **Henry Seidel Canby,** reports below on his current reading. Since he is also chairman of the board of judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, his reading includes books which will not be published until later this year. Dr. Canby is the author of many books including biographies of Whitman and Thoreau, and the recent "American Memoir." He is at present working on a study of Henry James and Mark Twain.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, *by Henry James (Scribner's)*

RODERICK HUDSON, *by Henry James (Scribner's)*

(Forthcoming)

THE STILWELL PAPERS, *edited by Theodore White (Sloane)*

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES, 1942-1943, *edited and translated by Louis P. Lochner (Doubleday)*

THE FOOLISH GENTLEWOMAN, *by Marjorie Sharp (Little, Brown)*

THE SKY AND THE FOREST, *by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown)*

THE HEART OF THE MATTER, *by Graham Greene (Viking)*

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, *by Harold J. Laski (Viking)*

ROAD TO SURVIVAL, *by William Vogt (Sloane)*

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The World. *Despite the myth of the special historical mission of Communism, the Russian Revolution was merely a violent incident in the history of a people on the march towards modern nationhood. And the foundations of the lusty Russian nation of today were laid in the times of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great, described by Harold Lamb in "The March of Muscovy." . . . . The Nuremberg tribunal has recently published a controversial decision on partisan warfare which emphasizes our rapidly changing attitudes as East-West antagonism grows. During the war we admired all partisans, whether in France (see Rémy's book, below), Greece, Poland, or Yugoslavia. But our present confusion of issues is underlined by such opposing books as St. John's "The Silent People Speak" and Lane's one-sided story of Poland (see below).*

Fabricator of a New State

THE MARCH OF MUSCOVY, Ivan the Terrible and the Growth of the Russian Empire, 1400-1648. *By Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 1948. 309 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

THE WRITING and reading of history may fulfil two different purposes: to explain the present by uncovering and analyzing its foundations in the past, and thus to allow a clearer understanding of the forces at work in our own time and to view them in truer perspective, a task which involves also the re-interpretation of the past in the light of consequence and developments, unknown and perhaps unforeseeable to those who started and witnessed the trend of events; or to try to revive the past as those who lived it then experienced it and reacted to it. Such a reconstruction of the past is made easier if we allow contemporary sources to speak for themselves. If one deals with a distant land, at the outskirts or beyond the confines of civilization, these sources will be mostly the reports by foreigners, traders, and diplomats, curious wanderers and soldiers of fortune. This is the method used by Harold Lamb in his skilful description of the rise of the Russian Empire around Moscow and its relentless and dynamic expansion into all directions but above all into the immense spaces of Asia.

In the center of the story is the fascinating figure of Ivan the Terrible, who, following his grandfather Ivan III, may be regarded to have started, in the technique of government and in the ruthless art of war, a march that is still going on in his spirit. Under him the invasion of Asia began. In 1587 the Russians occupied Tobolsk on the Irtish River and only sixty-odd years later, in 1649, they established an ostrog or blockhouse fort at Okhotsk, where they reached the Pacific. But Ivan, like his successor Peter the Great, devoted his own energies and the resources of his people above all to an effort to master the West. "It was almost as if the Kremlin, under Peter, exploited the resources of inner Eurasia to batter at the West." The dwellers within Moscow, however, lay exposed more to the influences exercised by the vast hinterlands of the East. "The only frontier known to Moscow at first was the steppes of Asia." When Peter started the effort of two centuries to make Russia enter the European community, he transferred the capital from Moscow. But the Empire had received its fundamental character in the Moscow of Ivan who conceived of himself "as the fabricator, divinely inspired, of a new state," a state in which everybody served the *one* authority and which was based upon the armed forces. "In a sense—and Ivan's clairvoyant brain grasped this clearly—the army *was* Moscow."

When the German ambassador Sigismund von Herberstein reached Moscow in 1560 he was received with amazing hospitality, but "when he asked questions about the Kremlin and its people out of frank curiosity, he aroused the suspicion of his guides." Thereafter, he got information only in roundabout ways. He was lodged splendidly but many courtiers shared the house with him and allowed no one to talk with him unless at least two of them were present. His audience with the Russian ruler took him through more ceremonial than any such reception in Europe. At the end the prince (Vasily, the father of Ivan the Terrible) gave him his hand, but immediately washed it in a silver basin to remove "the taint of the foreigner who was no Orthodox Christian."

THE AUTHOR: Penetrating Eastern antiquity has been "no nice Shangri La" for Harold Lamb, whose quest for original documents has been punctuated with bullets while scaling a crusader's castle, stones at Tigris shrines, and GPU detentions. The Persian Government decorated him, however, — "I think for being polite." Years before at Columbia, still plagued by congenital eye, ear, and speech defects, he found release in Asiatic lore, but he rebelled against the jigsaw of departmentalized learning. "Perhaps the painters, my ancestors [Colonial American] had something to do with this need to visualize a thing as a whole"—a talent for which he first channeled at school into lively pulp fiction. He dummied a trade paper, reported financial news for *The New York Times*, joined the Army in 1917, got married. In 1927, an editor wired him that if he could produce a life of Ghengis Khan in six weeks it would be published that spring. He did it in four. Following "Tamerlane" in 1928, he delved two years around Palestine and the Vatican and wrote "The Crusades," a double-decker. The first book, BOMC-blessed, provided passage to Russia, Iran, and Istanbul, and leisure for "Omar Khayyam." By 1938, after four years of Hollywood scriptwriting, he was eager to return to the Mongols. In Russia, while studying the Tatar dominion for "March of the Barbarians," war broke. As "an escape task" during OSS detail in Western Asia, he wrote "Alexander of Macedon." Last year came the novel "A Garden to the Eastward." He knows Arabic, Chinese, and Russian, but is "more at home with Ukrainian and Turkish Tatar dialects." Now incubating is a companion volume to "The March of Muscovy" covering post-1648 expansion through Asia when "the Muscovite state became the Russian Empire—that rather inarticulate giant whose Western face, only, we know familiarly."—R. G.

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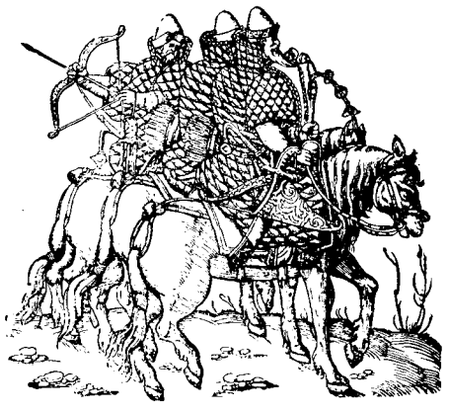
More ambassadors flocked to the court of Vasily's son who had expanded his realm to the Urals and the Caspian Sea and who had liquidated the aristocracy and its liberties under the appearance of something resembling a popular crusade. "No other prince," reported the ambassador, "is so obeyed by his subjects . . . we do not know whether his people have brutalized him, or whether he has made his people brutal." Yet Ivan became obsessed by suspicion that he could trust no one in Muscovy.

When Ivan proposed to Elizabeth of England an alliance between the two countries and a marriage to cement the ties between the two dynasties, he asked for a secret agreement which would assure him shelter for himself, his family, and portable wealth in England and which would give Elizabeth a similar refuge in his court. Elizabeth answered "her dear and loving brother" that at any time he would be welcomed and safeguarded in England, but she explained at the same time "that she was not, actually, her own mistress, that she ruled by the grant of parliament, and that it would distress her loyal subjects if she made any such plan as this to escape from them." Ivan was astonished and angry. "We thought," he replied, "that you were ruler in your own land, seeking your own honor. So we proffered this weighty matter to you. But now we see you are ruled by other men, and what men—like merchants, like peasants! They do not seek the honor of our two Majesties, while you act like a stupid wench, and nothing else."

After the failure of these negotiations a later British envoy, Sir Jeremy Bowes, aroused Ivan's ire by arguing the prosperity of England. When Ivan retorted, "I do not think Elizabeth my equal," the discussion grew tense until Ivan threatened, "If you were not ambassador, I would throw you out of the doors!" "You could," replied Sir Jeremy, "but my mistress will avenge any harm done to me." "Get out!" Ivan screamed, but within an hour he sent a message to Sir Jeremy, to urge him to forget their talk and to let him know that he, Ivan, "would grant all the wishes of his good sister Elizabeth, and Bowes should have a gift worth a thousand rubles."



—*From the book.*

Ivan was a man of unusual intelligence, courage, and ruthlessness. During his lifetime his restless, searching spirit and his fantastic deeds became favorite objects of popular fancy and legend. The present Moscow government has revived the cult of this great and strange empire builder. In the last years of his reign, Cossacks of the Don had invaded Sibir. Their leader Irmak, a bastard son of a Don Cossack and of a Danish slave, a blue-eyed giant with a golden beard, the true figure of popular legend, had escaped to the Volga when he was sentenced to death at the age of twenty-one for stealing horses. On the Volga he became the leader of river brigands, who, when the soil became too hot for them, made for the unknown East. An epic story of conquest, pioneering, and settlement thus started. Cut off by the winter in Sibir, Irmak appealed to the Czar for help. His envoy brought sable and ermine skins, emeralds and gold, and delivered the message: "Mighty Czar, Irmak the son of the Don, needs only gun powder from you. To you Sibir and its riches are a gift." The gun powder was sent. Moscow had opened a new frontier.

Mr. Lamb's book will be welcome reading to those fascinated by strange lands and seemingly distant pasts. Yet in reading they may discover that some at least of the strangeness and of the past lives on in our own time.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 246

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 246 will be found in the next issue.

FNG QPX HNZ QPUGV XZ

QYVFPUGV JZGV XZF DVDPRRI

QPZG PXIFNYXT.—GJHPWJ

CNGRCV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 245

Unlimited power is apt to corrupt the minds of those who possess it.
W. PITT

Ambassador's Version

I SAW POLAND BETRAYED. By Arthur Bliss Lane. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 344 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRED M. HECHINGER

IN NOVEMBER 1944 an angry State Department official told President Roosevelt how Poland's independence ought to be maintained against Russian pressure. Prominently in the official's plan figured our then "largest Army, Navy, and Air Forces in the world." But F.D.R. seemed annoyed, "asked rather sharply and with a note of sarcasm: 'Do you want me to go to war with Russia?'"

In March 1947, with his anger considerably increased, that same official handed President Truman his resignation as American Ambassador to Poland. Arthur Bliss Lane returned to the United States to present to the American public his side of the Polish story. As might have been expected, "I Saw Poland Betrayed" turned out to be an angry book.

In a world torn by threats and counterthreats another impatient outburst can hardly serve any constructive purpose. That fact becomes more unfortunate when it is acknowledged that Mr. Lane effectively observed and recorded such totalitarian evils as the rigged Polish elections, the airtight censorship of the press, the terror and intimidation in the Polish Government's dealings with political prisoners, and—perhaps most tragic—the Russian refusal to come to the aid of General Bor's valiant insurgents in Warsaw.

But the value of these important records is greatly diminished by Mr. Lane's own position and attitude. It is clear from the outset that he went to Poland not just as an ambassador, but as a self-styled advance guard in an East-West struggle which seems to have appeared inevitable to Mr. Lane. He speaks of his feeling of hopelessness upon arrival at the Warsaw airport; but hopelessness is hardly a good *leitmotif* for diplomatic missions.

Much of what Mr. Lane encountered in Poland was, and should have been, revolting to him by American standards. But his report speaks of a prewar Poland which existed only in the author's imagination. The ruling group of charming and spirited gentlemen whom our ambassador had come to admire in 1919 never represented the country. Any talk of the re-establishment of a democratic Poland becomes highly unrealistic in the light of history: democracy had not been among Poland's traditions.

The paradox of Mr. Lane's position

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was that he represented the United States in Warsaw as the Ambassador to the Government of National Unity, which he disliked, while his sympathies were with the London Poles, from whom the Allies had withdrawn their recognition. That, in part, explains Mr. Lane's active effort to further the cause of Mikolajczyk, leader of the Polish Peasant Party.

The paradox becomes even more confounding when our ambassador's relation to the Yalta agreement is considered. From the outset he regarded Yalta as the betrayal of Poland, achieved by a cunning Stalin in personal victory of a weak and sick Roosevelt (in utter disregard, on the part of the author, of the presence of a very healthy and vigorous Churchill). Subsequently Mr. Lane's appointment made it his duty to see to it that the Yalta terms would be carried out by the Warsaw Government, and, although he despised Yalta's provisions, he despised the Communists more for not abiding by them.

Mr. Lane speaks of the present Polish Government as a solidly Communist group, calling the Socialists and Peasant Party coalition a complete fraud. Yet it is immediately apparent to the visitor to Poland that most of the Socialists and Peasant Party members in the Government are quite definitely opposed to Communism. When the author rightly charged that the Polish "use of the term 'Fascist' was often very elastic," one wishes that he had not stretched his own terms as precariously toward the other extreme.

According to Mr. Lane's own account the Polish land reform was supported by all parties without exception. And yet the author ascribes to "one Socialist cabinet minister" the complaint that the reform had serious economic drawbacks since the Polish peasant was inefficient unless "directed by an overseer." "Under the prewar system," Mr. Lane reminisces, "the large landowners had organized their properties on a very business-like basis and were able to produce the maximum output at the best prices obtainable." This is probably as cynical a defense of feudalism and serfdom as even the most eloquent, disowned Polish gentry could put up.

Perhaps the most unfortunate chapter in Mr. Lane's book discusses the Kielce pogrom of 1946; for it infers that the Polish government may actually have instigated the anti-Jewish action in an effort to overshadow the rigged elections. As an alternative possibility Mr. Lane repeats the charge, made in some quarters, that the Polish people turned against the Jews in resentment against the present Government "in which the Jews played a prominent part." These statements are not only contradictory and unproven, but they omit the fact that the current Government, for the first time in Polish history, has declared discrimination a punishable crime.

It is strange, indeed, to find an American official thinking in terms of race and racial classifications. But again and again there are almost Hitlerian references. The Minister of Public Security is described as "a good-looking man, apparently of Russian Semitic origin, with carefully combed, oily black hair. . . ." The chief of the Foreign Office press section is "a Communist of the Jewish race." And of an important general it is said that "Semitic in origin, he did not have the physical appearance of the average Polish officer."

Poland's almost miraculous reconstruction, plainly visible to every traveler, is honored with exactly one paragraph of the report. On the other hand, a great deal of space is given to examples of intrigue as the outstanding attribute of the present Government. But this reviewer, who has had some opportunities of observing officers of the London Polish Government during the war, remembers that intrigues were the order of the day among that group as well.

Mr. Lane rightly objects to Russian methods of tying political strings to economic help, but he went all-out in his effort to prevent the State Department from allowing credits to the Warsaw Government. "I determined to take advantage of the eagerness of the Polish Government for economic assistance and to use it as a lever by which we would obtain fulfillment of Polish commitments . . . ," he writes. Any other course to him seemed "appeasement," and the title of "appeaser" is applied to such men as former Ambassador Joseph E. Davies and implied to fit a great many Americans from F.D.R. down. One wonders whether anyone working for the attainment of peace is to be so labeled.

The Ambassador resigned to tell his story. He expressed his belief that he could accomplish more in the United States for Poland and the Polish people than in Poland. But while Mr. Lane is undoubtedly honest, he is at the same time partisan, and therefore limited, in his outlook. The pattern of Poland, as that of any police state, is undoubtedly gray and at times dark. There are even some entirely black spots in the fabric. "I Saw Poland Betrayed" is focused on those spots with a morose glee of hopelessness.

Fred M. Hechinger, who has recently returned from visiting Poland and other European countries, is an education writer and special writer for the New York Herald Tribune *and* This Week *magazine.*

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

RED-HEADED CHARACTERS

David Bernstein, of Rolla, Mo., presents ten literary figures who had, among other memorable characteristics, red hair. Allowing five points for each one you can name and another five for either the story or the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. This red-headed London pawnbroker had a part-time job copying the Encyclopedia Britannica in long hand at four pounds per week.
2. The marriage between this outspoken red-head and his red-haired wife was blessed with four red-readed sons.
3. In punishment for the attempted murder of the wife of a traveling peddler, her lovely red hair was cut off and she was sent to a convent.
4. The world population of red-heads was destined to rise dramatically as this red-head was the sole potent male left in the world following an atomic bomb explosion.
5. This red-headed princess lived in violent times, for her mother was beheaded by her father and her lover by his brother.
6. The great-grandfather of this Irish orphan was pleased to note that the lad had inherited his red hair.
7. A young Harvard student was attracted to this sergeant's unusual military organization by his green buckskin uniform, Scotch hat, and scarlet hair.
8. A South American millionaire rescued this red-haired English governess from drowning and she joined him on his journeys, carrying her coffin wherever they traveled.
9. In this middle-aged sea captain a South Sea island woman failed to recognize the red-headed lover of her youth.
10. These auburn-haired twin brothers from Georgia gallantly went off to war and died together at Gettysburg.

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War Criminals and a Mental Case

NUREMBERG. By Peter Calvocoressi. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 176 pp. $2.75.

THE CASE OF RUDOLF HESS. Edited by J. R. Rees, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 224 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM ELDRED JACKSON

IT IS curious that while laymen often belabor the law for exalting technique over substantial justice, there is generally none so fond of technicalities in arguing legal matters as the layman. The Nuremberg trial, with its issues of *ex post facto* and the rest, is a conspicuous instance. In an attempt to explore legalities dear to the lay heart Peter Calvocoressi, a member of the British prosecution at Nuremberg, has written a lucid explanation of the trial in terms of the facts, the law, and the consequences.

This, of course, is already well-trod ground and invites comparisons. As an exposition of the law Mr. Calvocoressi's slender effort is hardly definitive, and falls far short of the thorough work of Sheldon Glueck and Quincy Wright. His résumé of the facts is likewise sketchy, especially when compared with the incisive summary which recently appeared in the *Harvard Law Review*. A more serious inadequacy is the failure to consider the enormously important question of conspiracy, the only practicable means of dealing with an aggressor government, which the Tribunal's verdict whittled almost to the vanishing point. Yet it remains to be said that Mr. Calvocoressi's work has the excellence of good writing and broad appeal, and if what he says has often been said before, perhaps it has been never so well expressed.

Mr. Calvocoressi is clearly at his best in dissecting the military case, on which he is an unsurpassed expert. His demonstration of the obvious fallacies advanced by the Tribunal as grounds for declining to convict the General Staff as a criminal group is logically unassailable. The most alarming aspect of this acquittal, he points out, lies in its potentially disastrous legacy for the future. Today the General Staff as an entity stands untouched, save for the judge's passing censure where they refused to condemn.

It is unfortunate that a work of such general merit should be marred with needless manifestations of chauvinistic partisanship. It is neither simple nor prudent to distribute garlands when one's possession of the facts is not complete. Mr. Calvocoressi should be informed, for example, that two of the decisions he praises highest—trial instead of summary execution, and indictment of the General Staff—were reached over the most determined British opposition. His rather foolish remarks on personalities are also subject to discount on the record as a whole. Be it remembered that he *is* an Englishman (and it's greatly to his credit), writing for an English audience, and the book remains a creditable contribution to popular understanding of a unique, Four-Power undertaking.

One of the most intriguing by-products of Nuremberg is the light shed on the incredibly complex personality of Rudolf Hess, that "paranoid mystical fantast" who startled the world with his strange excursion to the Scottish moors, and later with his on-again, off-again bouts of forgetfulness. The eight British and American psychiatrists who attended the Deputy Fuehrer from his internment in England through his trial have combined their observations of his erratic conduct into a fascinating record.

It is a revealing commentary on the capacities which achieved high station in the Nazi state that Hess, a believer in the occult and devotee of Thibetan elixirs, embarked on his baffling flight largely because his friend Haushofer had dreamed of Hess flying across the ocean. The object of the mission was equally woolly. Through the Duke of Hamilton, a much unjustly maligned man whom Hess had met briefly and but once, Hess expected to make peace with King George. Hess's naïve terms called for British capitulation without German occupation. Shocked by the chilly British reception of this magnanimous proposition, Hess developed a psychosis marked by delusions that his "glassy-eyed" warders were mesmerized by the powers of Jewry and seeking to encompass his doom through food poisoning.

Despite his evident balminess the psychiatrists are definite that Hess was at no time insane in the medico-legal sense, although he did suffer recurrent memory lapses. They also believe that when at Nuremberg he made his sensational confession of having simulated amnesia he was largely pretending to have pretended. This astonishing "admission," which exaggerated both his previous amnesia and his current recovery, was made partly to avoid not being tried with his cronies, partly to grab the limelight.

It is perhaps a fitting irony that the man who was once a paladin of the Thousand-Year Reich will be remembered instead as one of history's most interesting mental cases.

Rémy's Conspirators

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET AGENT OF FREE FRANCE: The Silent Company. By Rémy. Translated by Lancelot C. Sheppard. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 406 pp. $4.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

THE AMAZING story of the French Resistance Movement will take many volumes to tell in its entirety. Some of it — the stories of the men and women who vanished from Fresnes prison into the dreadful silence beyond the Rhine—may never be told. But several books have recently appeared in France which detail distinct aspects of the Resistance. Soustell's "Envers et Contre Tous" tells the story of DeGaulle's organization outside France, from the dingy second-floor office in London to the Provisional Government in Algiers. Bénouville's "Le Sacrifice du Matin" describes the rise of the Secret Army inside France. And Rémy (Colonel Gilbert Renault-Roulier) chooses a smaller canvas—his own network, the *Confrérie de Notre Dame*, which gathered intelligence for the Allies inside Occupied France.

Volume I of Rémy's memoirs, "The Silent Company," is the first of the lot to reach the American reader. It has all the fascination of a novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim, although its characters are not the bejeweled ladies and sleek international gentlemen of the Old Master's intrigues. Rémy's conspirators are leather-faced farm hands, headwaiters, country doctors, pimply young radio operators, the madam of a bordello, photographers, typists, fishermen, housewives, tavern keepers—in a word, France. They are brave, doubly brave, because they are constantly afraid. Although they find the sinister Gestapo incredibly stupid

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in nine cases out of ten, there is always the tenth case; and there is always a colleague who may crack under torture and betray his friends.

Before the war, Rémy dabbled in banking, insurance, and film production. Just before the Pétain surrender, he fled to London to join General de Gaulle. He returned secretly to France to organize an intelligence network which eventually numbered 2,000 men. Rémy modestly attributes most of his success to luck and Divine Providence, but he was patently an able organizer with a talent for choosing able coworkers. There was Alex, for instance, who for six bottles of wine secured the plans of the German submarine pens at Lorient, Brest, St. Nazaire, La Pallice, and Bordeaux. There was Papa Fleuret, chief river pilot at Bordeaux, who, sacked by Vichy, won the confidence of the Germans by refloating their *Bremen*—and then sent a dozen U-boat supply ships to their doom. There was Hilarion at Brest, who grew radishes and turnips while keeping an eye on the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, and the *Prinz Eugen*. There was Pol, who cased Bruneval for the British paratroop operation that wrecked the radio-location station.

Rémy's book has the suspense and excitement of an adventure story, but it is written with the straightforward simplicity of a good reporter. Although its material is melodramatic, it is not melodrama. Its characters emerge as human beings—people like La Bardonnie, the lusty winegrower of Perigord who snored with a southern accent, kept his eight children in hand with a long bamboo cane, and installed a clandestine radio transmitter in his hilltop chateau; like Mme. La Bardonnie, seven months pregnant with her ninth child, who bicycled ninety miles through the rain to warn the Bordeaux agents that her husband was at grips with the Vichy police; like, in fact, the author.

Rémy himself emerges as a devoutly religious man who wore a silk handkerchief in his breast pocket to match the color of his necktie. He was so devoted to his wife and four children that he could not bear long separation from them, even in dire peril. Thus he took his family to Spain, to Unoccupied France, to Brittany, to Paris, and, when the Gestapo was finally closing in on him, to England in a fishing boat. He was tender-hearted to the point of canceling the execution of a subordinate of whose treason he was not quite sure. He loved life and the pleasant things of life. Yet this life in which he found so much to enjoy was no longer his when France needed it to fling recklessly at the Germans.

Fiction. *There are two controversial novels in this week's reviews: F. L. Green's "A Flask for the Journey," in which the author looks at German cruelty with philosophic detachment, and Richard Brooks's "The Boiling Point," an exciting but somewhat unlikely study of political and racial violence in a Southwestern city. Another deeply serious novel is Julia Farren's "The Train for Pittsburgh," about a man faced with desires and problems he cannot solve; even so simple a wish as to kill his wife is frustrated and sublimated finally in an alcoholic debauch. Jack Iams and Carl Bottume provide comic relief in, respectively, "Prematurely Gay," which is good American Wodehouse, and "The Hills Around Havana," a gay novel of sex, drink, and zany characters, native and American. "The Moot Point," by Peter de Polnay, is an absorbing tale of the effect of a murder in a British seaside hotel.*

Middle-Class Melancholy and Murder

THE MOOT POINT. By Peter de Polnay. New York: Creative Age Press. 1948. 314 pp. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THERE is an element of threnody in Mr. de Polnay's latest novel. It is a story involving murder and suicide in a modern English seaside town; the characters are mostly small professional and business men, or their relicts; and you cannot read about them without being reminded of such events as the independence of Burma or the cheapness of pounds sterling in the New York black market—events which indicate the passing of empires and the decay of institutions. The men and women in "Moot Point" are the representatives of a courageous, capable, and energetic class to which England has been deeply indebted, nor has the debt been entirely a funded one. And now, one by one, the props have been knocked away from under them: a whole way of life has become rickety. The solid figures, the splendid facts which nourished their illusions and fortified their self-esteem have almost all vanished through death or secession. Where, Mr. de Polnay seems to ask, are these people to turn now?

Peter de Polnay assumes "that no material is unpromising and that no story has been told before."

Their mid-Victorian and late-Victorian forebears (as George Orwell stated in his essay on Dickens) cherished a secret dream of a life in which one lived on an income of not less than five thousand pounds a year, begat an enormous family, and did otherwise absolutely nothing for ever and ever. An ideal of spiritual idiocy is not incompatible with a vigorous industrial expansion or with an era of financial supremacy: but it is a horrid legacy: and in this respect Mr. de Polnay's small retired businessmen are all legatees. They are idle, they are solvent, but they are not happy. They have no inner resources with which to enliven their solitude. The only actively happy people are a small-time criminal and a policeman.

Mr. de Polnay does not press this point too far, which is just as well, for it would be very foolish to count the English middle classes out. The shape and direction of modern English Socialism is, in many ways, a startling tribute to the persistence of their ideals; though they probably would not thank one for saying so. And in any case, as I hope to show, Mr. de Polnay's book is largely occupied with something considerably more vital than lamentation.

His story begins with the arrival, at a rather dreadful private hotel, of an attractive young wastrel of gentlemanly origins, who contrasts not unfavorably with his drably respectable fellow guests. The evening after the young man's arrival, the landlady is stabbed to death. From then on, the

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story is filled with suspense. But the suspense has little to do with the identity of the murderer, which Mr. de Polnay does not attempt to conceal. Nor does it arise from the doomed love affair between the young wastrel and the landlady's deaf-and-dumb daughter—for only Mr. de Polnay's sense of humor and his gift for understatement prevent this particular theme from degenerating into the silly thing which, essentially, it is. The suspense comes from something far more unusual and far more important. The landlady's death, like a stone dropped into a muddy puddle, creates a mild agitation in the lives of the guests—not so much because she has been murdered as because it was her strength of will which kept them from drifting away long before. Now they must make a new start, and we become deeply involved in their efforts, even though we are pretty sure that these efforts will end in nothing. To evoke this sort of suspense from such unpromising material seems to me to be storytelling of a very high order.

But then Mr. de Polnay starts with the assumption that no material is unpromising and that no story has been told before. He is concerned with what one might call basic individualism—that is to say, with the desire of every human being to discover his own myth. The desire is hampered by all sorts of private superstitions and taboos; it is often lost in daydreams or stifled by obsessions; but it cannot be entirely quenched. It will survive anything. Mr. de Polnay's characters, in short, hopeless as they seem to be, are presented to us as so much misdirected energy: and the emphasis is not upon the misdirection, but upon the energy. To tell a story in this way requires observation, imagination, and compassion; with these Mr. de Polnay is pretty generously endowed.

The final chapter is rather foolishly allegorical, so that the novel ends (unintentionally, I am sure) upon a note of farce. This merely shows that the author, though a good novelist, is not yet a powerful one. Perhaps he never will be a powerful one. But good novelists are rare; and for this reason it is a great pleasure to be able to report that Mr. de Polnay is once again in our midst.

Nirvana Under the Nazis

—*Clay-Warren.*

F. L. Green "is trying to say, 'Let us put an end to this hatred. Only minorities wish war'."

A FLASK FOR THE JOURNEY. By F. L. Green. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1948. 307 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

F. L. GREEN is already known to us for his successful novel of pursuit, "Odd Man Out." In that book there were indications of the mystical wanderings that were to follow in the present work; but in the early novel the chase, the excellent character-drawings, the suspense which Mr. Green was able to build up so brilliantly for his readers made his mystical ramblings less obstructive. A revolutionary "organization" in Belfast was not unlike a great many other plots or arguments in countless novels about Ireland we had read with absorbing, or lagging, interest according to the storytelling ability of the writer. In "Odd Man Out," Green the story-teller, the poet with his Celtic laughter and tears, was very much in evidence from start to finish. That book prepared us for even greater things; not for the disappointment we find in this muddled, philosophico-metaphysical novel.

The odors of putrescent human flesh in Buchenwald, Dachau, and Auschwitz ceased to clog the air for some of us when a work like Mr. Green's appears on the scene to confuse us, tell us it was all a dream, a nasty, insane nightmare. Actually what Mr. Green is trying to say under the guise of fiction is—Let us put an end to this hatred. Only minorities wish war. We, the little people, the ordinary man and woman, are led by these minorities against our will. Take the Germans — we cannot hold them responsible for Hitler, can we?

There is not a man or woman, today, who has not, at one time or another, given this question serious thought. Now that the war is over, reparations have been more or less arrived at, and reconstruction plans for Germany are under way, it is curious, nonetheless, to find a novel in our midst which appears so purposefully bent on wiping out all memory of the barbarism and fiendishness of the Nazi enemy. It is highly commendable that Mr. Green should be moved to make a plea in these disordered times for mankind to reexamine the meanings of such words as duty, freedom, honor, justice, victory, defeat, God, and so on. But when he puts such a plea, and the hint of a solution to all our ailments through semantics, in the mouth of a Nazi warden, our sense of credulity becomes sorely taxed. Mr. Green's story of Jack Kaspan's imprisonment under the Nazis loses whatever relation to life it might have had, and Jane Gellson's tortured love affair with Bernard Meddow, with her no less agonizing secret forever standing between them, takes on the beguiling but altogether disturbing guise of propaganda.

Perhaps Mr. Green has allowed himself to be carried away with his concern for the adventures of the human spirit in conflict with the material world; with man's search for spiritual release. It apparently has not occurred to him that a tale of imprisonment, with so familiar a setting as Nazi prison camps, would necessarily be subject to the close scrutiny of many who have personally experienced captivity under the Nazis. These folk will be truly bewildered by the characters Mr. Green has deliberately drawn from the Nazi ranks. A commandant of a concentration camp, a governor of an idyllic island castle where special prisoners of war are sent by the Nazis, a young medical officer, all befriend the hero of our tale, aiding him on his journey to find

On a Bad, Boozy Artist

By Lionel Hale

ART, being long, he thinks is to be cherished,
Discussed at length, and petted, pampered, pondered:
Life, being short and shortly to be perished,
Must for the sake of paradox be squandered.
How sadly, after all his mortal strife,
He'll find *his* art co-terminous with life!

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the true essence of freedom. If Mr. Green has purposely stacked the cards to put over his message of love and contemplation of the spirit, then he has stacked them against himself.

No matter how many flights we take into the stratosphere with his singularly priggish, anti-social hero, Jack Kaspan, or appreciate fully the implication of Kaspan's discovery that freedom is only a state of mind found, in his case, "in the silence and the squalor of the prison cell," we come away from the book with the strangely dissatisfied feeling that Mr. Green knows less about our human needs than he thinks he does. He undoubtedly set out to show us what is wrong with this materialistic world but got confused on the way. And perhaps it he had not tried to impress upon our minds that there were so few cruel Germans during the war we could then commence to believe that there were as many Germans as kind as the three martyrs in the book.

Fascism in America

THE BOILING POINT. By Richard Brooks. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 312 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

WHEN Richard Brooks's war novel "The Brick Foxhole" appeared in 1945, it stirred up the dust of controversy and marked the author, a sergeant in the Marines, as a young man with a future in literature. Critics were searching then as avidly as they are now for the new writers who were expected, when they were out of uniform, to bring order out of chaos, and to illuminate the darker aspects of civilian life. Mr. Brooks did not suddenly emerge unknown from his foxhole; he had been a sports writer for a newspaper, a radio news-analyst and script-writer, and a screen writer in Hollywood. He had established his career, and he knew how to entertain the public before he joined the Marines. The motion-picture version of his first novel, "Crossfire," was a violent, disturbing drama, the first of the two successful screen protests against anti-Semitism.

Both the public and the critics have the right to expect a great deal of a writer who, while he is still young, has made so handsome and lucrative a place for himself. His new novel is the story of what happened in a year in a Southwestern oil city whose prosperity is founded on tourists and oil. The town of Crowell was in the hands of a reactionary political machine that ran the state. The only people whose vote counted for anything, or who were even allowed to vote, were anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-Mexican, and, of course, anti-American. All of this seems true enough, and bad enough, as it rolls out of Mr. Brooks's typewriter; but as the plot develops a sudden doubt of the reality of the scene strikes the reader.

The plot itself follows the conventions established for the popular novel of small-city politics, and his characters are shopworn figures from magazine fiction. There is the virile garage mechanic who falls in love with the beautiful millionairess, the tough sheriff whose heart is in the right place, and the local leader of the Veterans, a Nazi in spirit, who would like to see the boys get out their guns and begin shooting the citizenry. Add to these a New York liberal who directs the attack on the political machine, a philosophic garage owner, and assorted sharecroppers, and you have two entwined ideas that make up the substance of "The Boiling Point": one, a synthetic political novel properly sparked with sex; two, the love story of an oil millionairess and a modern knight of the highways. Both fuse in the last chapter in a scene of such incredible violence for peacetime America that it would, had so dismal a coincidence occurred, have made the front page of the reticent *New York Times.*

This is Mr. Brooks's dramatic tale of what is happening in the Southwest today, or what may happen tomorrow. Consider some of his sentences. His syllables echo the staccato of his typewriter. Surely, the author did not take the trouble to edit his copy.

How could Mr. Brooks have written on page twenty-eight this sentence, without beginning or end.

Al Hertz's department store, a hardware and electrical supply company, the State Bank, an Indian mission, several churches, an insurance company, the cotton gin (a huge tin shed with gray peeling paint), the oil refinery with its acid smell, oil derricks, and oil vats (from the distance like poker chips planted haphazardly), tents for itinerant workers and newly arrived sharecroppers, red brick houses in the residential district (most office and government buildings were of prison-manufactured brick).

How could he have written later, "Marge's deepest meaning of existence was the expression of love," or "At first fornication their emotions ranged from esthetic beauty to the depths of degradation. . . . Their love-making was filled with joy, pain, tears, laughter, aching loneliness, and complete satisfaction." Then there is this sentence: "Something in Corcoran began to cry."

The reader may sense what Mr. Brooks should have said, supplying the missing conjunctives; he may be willing to accept this kind of writing for the sake of an exciting and conventional story. Richard Brooks's further adventures into literature will be halted at the threshold of Hollywood and the radio studios if he does not take some pains with the English language; and if he continues to try to interpret post-war America through similar hackneyed and worn-out symbols.

Laddie in the Dark

THE TRAIN FROM PITTSBURGH. By Julian Farren. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1948. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEE ROGOW

"THE TRAIN from Pittsburgh" might have been a pretty good novel. Plotwise, it offers little more or little less of what-happens-next interest than may be found in the works of those young writers who are described on dust jackets as "sensitive" and "perceptive." Its central character is that fellow who dominates modern fiction as Crosby looms over the music business: the modern man who can't make up his mind—Laddie in the Dark, if I may be permitted. Many writers—from John O'Hara in "Appointment in Samarra" to Jean-Paul Sartre in "Age of Reason"—have made electric reading of the ambivalent male who finds himself confronted with problems of self and society which he has neither the equipment nor indeed the resolution to answer.

Julian Farren's first novel reveals him as rather a decent chap, earnest-

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ly and courageously intent upon examining focal problems of our times—anti-Semitism, success-versus-social-conscience, the love relationships of a troubled man. In such works, the difference between good, bad, and please-don't-ask must be found always in the mind and gifts of the writer. These books tower or tumble on the basis of the author's illumination of character, his revelation of relationships, his play of language. It is here that Farren fails his theme. With the exception of the main character, his people are stated, rather than explored, and even the central protagonist suffers from a rather catchpenny application of the psychoanalytic understanding.

Mr. Farren, a young New Yorker with magazine and advertising experience, has written his novel around a day in the life of Tom Bridges, key man in a plush advertising agency some ten years after V-J day. (The novel is laid in 1956 for no essential reason this reviewer can discover.) This is a day of crisis for Bridges. He has suggested to a young friend in Pittsburgh that he come East to take a job with his agency, yet he fails to make a satisfactory answer to the head of the firm when the question of his friend's Jewish extraction is raised. He meets an anti-Semitic Christian Fronter in a bar, and finds himself paying for the lout's drink. He promises his mistress of three years' standing he will force a showdown with his unfaithful, bitchy wife, yet as he goes home on the commuter train he is aware of his inability to break through his wife's domination and sexual attraction. He is tortured by a sense of having abandoned his youthful social ideals for the money-grubbing world of advertising and the emptiness of upper suburban society. He is beset by guilty memories of an old love, a Jewess, never certain whether it was her religion or her wartime infidelity which caused him to shut her out of his life. He decides to blot out his problems by murdering his wife and killing himself, but finds his resolution sapped by a sudden display of sexual acquiescence on the part of his wife, who is having a child by another man and wants Bridges to think it is his.

His day ends in drunken despair. He is beaten, hopeless, completely unstuck, destroyed by flaws of self, betraying and betrayed, denied even the release of death.

Written with imagination, perception, and eloquence, "The Train From Pittsburgh" might have become an affecting document of our times. Lacking them, it is little more than a depressing case history of a man's disintegration.

American Wodehouse

—*Myron Ehrenberg.*

Jack Iams's mixture "comes out light and fluffy, with a heady aroma."

PREMATURELY GAY. By Jack Iams. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. IAMS has written several books before this one, and undoubtedly my comments on "Prematurely Gay" will not be news to those who have read them. Iams is news to me, and I should put it this way: that Wodehouse is no longer in a class by himself. Some few of the faithful may mutter "Blasphemy!"; but for the rest of us who recall that peculiar distillate of gaiety and whimsy and unreality, and the oh so gentle, so loving, spoofing of the upper classes, it is not too difficult to recognize that someone else can do it, that the mixture as before may be stirred by another hand. This is good American Wodehouse, of course, a little rougher on gentility, a little softer on love, a good deal sexier all around, than the original W. However the pattern is essentially the same, involving as it does an inextricable tangle of impossible circumstances, all about nothing, touching earth nowhere, giving off a shower of witty sparks, and involving the zaniest of characters in a mad rat-race.

There is, for example, Mr. Thaddeus Hollister of the House of Hollister, which has for generations provided the public with hair-dyes, especially that one for the graying hair of gentlemen of distinction, triumphantly named "Heigh-Ho Silver." Mr. Hollister has an innocent penchant for publicity, and there is that gay and imaginative young publicity man, Whit Blake of Bunbury and Blake, to provide it for him and his unguents. There is no Bunbury. Bunbury is a good name out of Oscar Wilde, borrowed by Whit to give the firm class, and one of Whit's problems is to keep his clients from demanding to see the senior partner. There is Hollister's fair young daughter, Felicity (the Hair Apparent!), who will and won't and will again be Whit's, leading him the usual farcical race for love. There are also some relics from Whit's unsavory pre-publicity days (a matter of degree), such as Commodore Inch the midget, and a circus albino named Whambo the Whatsit. Whambo is a masterful creation, monosyllabic out of necessity, happily uninhibited in instinct and behavior, and covered all over with luxuriant pink hair. Now imagine a resounding national campaign whipped up by Whit for Hollister, to choose Mr. Distinguished America (the man with the most distinguished head of gray hair, attributable naturally to a thoughtful use of "Heigh-Ho Silver").

Add to all these a dozen more possessed characters, stir into a narrative rising steadily to the pace of an antic hay, and you have the right to hope for the very best. It depends entirely upon treatment, and Mr. Iams has the touch, definitely. The whole thing comes out perfectly light and fluffy with a heady aroma and no aftertaste, and absolutely no unhappy suggestion of This World in it anywhere. Isn't that like the Old Master himself?

Isle of Caprice

THE HILLS AROUND HAVANA. By Carl Bottume. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1948. 297 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

THIS is a well-written book designed for pleasant, quick reading. The author has produced a light, casual tale which is, in its own quiet way, very effective. For Mr. Bottume has successfully brought to life the tropical atmosphere of Havana, the Havana of play; he has created an island paradise where food and drink and sex are the staples, and where the dangers of a world-wide global catastrophe seem quite remote. That is not to say that Mr. Bottume's characters do not have problems; they certainly do. But as one of them remarks: " 'Let's you and me not worry about it.' . . . And they both set out to get drunk."

"The Hills Around Havana" is the story of a group of people drawn together by rather contrived circumstances, who reach a climax of in-

(*Continued on page* 27)

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

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Fear and War

ALTHOUGH Americans in time of peace are constantly besieged by propaganda from the radio and the press, though they are told what to think and what to buy, and for whom to vote, the result is a bewildering cacophony to which we are accustomed and to which we submit because we still have the liberty to choose whatever matches the pattern of our own instincts and opinions. It is the instinct for freedom of thought that makes the average American distrust wartime propaganda, that shrieking single-minded, united attack which dins into our ears and assaults our eyes night and day with its refrain, "You must hate these people, root and branch; you must fear them!" Caution, the quieting second thought, the reasonable doubt are of necessity cast to the winds.

When the guns cease firing the embers of hatred cool, and a man should be able to look philosophically about him once more. The signs are everywhere. We are able to contemplate the massively populated island of Japan with something that resembles a feeling of compassion for the man-made catastrophe that destroyed its civilization. The crews of German steamers report that they are met with kindness and thoughtfulness in British ports. Reports of suffering in the enemy countries lead to a generous outpouring of food and clothes from American individuals as well as from government relief agencies. The campaigns directed against the tens of millions who belonged to the National Socialist Party have turned into a reasonable, if somewhat futile, attempt to educate the masses and to find democratic leaders. In novels and factual books the conscience of Americans can be observed awakening to discover the discrepancies between the behavior of our civilian and military authorities abroad and the promises embodied in the Four Freedoms. If we must rule, these reporters seem to say, then justice and mercy should guide us. All of this beneficent effort and soul-searching on the part of the victors—this abiding faith in the destroyed and tragic enemy, this hope for the future, and charity of mind and deed—might rapidly restore that part of the world in which this country is involved, if a new and deadly form of propaganda had not risen to meet the new, the cold, war that is now upon us.

Unlike the propaganda of actual wartime it has as yet only one ominous note to sound: fear. Fear's companion, hatred, is still muted; but it is beginning to erupt whenever and wherever the tensions between Russia and ourselves arise. There are terrifying visions of the atomic bomb flown across the Arctic Circle to explode over our industrial centers and great cities, of time-bombs erupting from tranquil harbors of our seacoast and the Great Lakes; of other bombs assembled in this country and discreetly buried until the day of reckoning. This apocalyptic vision, whether the deliberate fabrication of propaganda experts or the innocent device of fiction writers who use it for the purpose of a hair-raising and salable tale, is used by others than the harbingers of foreseeable utopias. With it you can scare the public into agreeing to military conscription or into giving the vast sums needed for the deadly sciences of bacterial and atomic weapons, or for arousing the nation to arm to the teeth with the greatest navy, the greatest air force in the world. With this vision of terror and death you can persuade the nation to believe that might, armed with the devices of hell itself, can keep the peace by instilling fear in our prospective enemy to match our own fear.

All of the purposes to which this new instrument of public opinion are dedicated may be admirable, and their results, considering the fantastic times in which we are living, may prove to be exactly what their proponents believe they will be. But the fact is that the effect on our own people who are thus seized by the hair and given this shock treatment, this sudden nightmare of destruction and death in books and on radios and the lecture platform, has not been explored. The effect may be the very opposite to the one that was intended. Up to this time Americans have waited for wars to burst upon them; they have had time to wait. But we are not a noticeably patient people, nor are we philosophically inclined to wait for cataclysms that can be avoided. There is enough of the frontiersman left in us to dislike being murdered in our beds or shot like sitting ducks calmly enjoying the sunrise.

A first-rate illustration of this atomic propaganda, used here because it is attached to no named cause, is a dramatic and frightening play by Upton Sinclair, recently published by the author. Its title is "A Giant's Strength,"* and in it our greatest propagandist in literature for the last forty years devotes his best efforts to horrifying the reader. "This is a play," writes Mr. Sinclair, "about what the atomic bomb may do to our world," and Albert Einstein adds this mild but convincing encomium, "I found it quite strong, realistic, and convincing." The play follows the misfortunes and ruin of a family living in the country near New York after a bomb has exploded off the Battery and others have destroyed most of our cities and millions of human beings. Mr. Sinclair must have a noble purpose, for he is offering ten copies of his atomic thriller for $4.50.

What actually is the effect of this play, except perhaps to persuade the devout reader to rush to the nearest church and fall on his knees? Along with many of the stories or dramas of this nature that have escaped from the pulp magazines into serious literature, it does not teach us to be patient, to wait for any millennium. It teaches, as do all of them, with irresistible logic, the words that ordinary men who are not trained in the devices of propaganda are now repeating to themselves. "Let us end this; let us get there first; let us attack before they have the bomb!" The enemy is not yet universally named, nor are the dread words "World War III" yet on the lips of everyone, or commonly in the newspapers. But they are creeping, infiltrating into the minds of men everywhere. If the dreadful words "attack now" turn from a whisper to a roar that will sweep this nation off its feet and the world into chaos, the major criminal will be this use of terror to alarm and awaken the country. Fear is not, cannot be, an antidote to belligerence. It is the very essence, the vital seed of war itself.

H. S.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of two opposing editorials on the general theme, "Fear and War." An answering editorial will appear next week.*

*A GIANT'S STRENGTH. By Upton Sinclair. Monrovia, Calif.: The author. 1948. 52 pp. Cloth, $1.20; paper, 60c.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Unfair to Mr. Leavis

SIR: I recently read what seemed to me a rather too hostile review of F. R. Leavis's "Revaluation" in *The New York Times Book Review* and wrote to the editor (I don't think my letter ever appeared) pointing out certain errors of fact that the reviewer had permitted himself. Henry W. Wells's piece [*SRL* Feb. 7] is a different case. Mr. Wells is much more hostile, and I don't know that he is definitely mistaken about external facts. What is curious, though, is that he scorns Mr. Leavis's views as not new without mentioning that "Revaluation" itself is not new. It was published in England a dozen years ago, and consists chiefly of articles published before that in the quarterly review *Scrutiny*.

The fact that I think more highly of Mr. Leavis than Mr. Wells does may not be of interest. But, in all justice, it should be pointed out that Mr. Leavis is not getting very fair or knowledgeable reviews.

ERIC BENTLEY.

University of Minnesota,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Blurred Blurbs

SIR: May I enter my protest against the growing practice, on the part of publishers of whodunits, of filling the *back* inside flaps of book-jackets with analyses of *other* of their "mysteries," to the growing confusion of readers.

In my very busy and exciting life in the world of public relations, I find my only relaxation of an evening in the reading of a good murder or mystery story. I ought to know something of their value, I hope, since I did two anthologies of a sort with Boris Karloff and two more with Will Cuppy. I pick up a recently-published tome from the shelves of my bookseller, run through the blurbs on the jacket, and buy the book with the conviction that this looks like something to lull me to sleep that evening. Later that day, I open the volume, to find that the blurb I read was about an altogether different volume from the one I purchased, while the one in my hands is typical tripe! For instance, I bought a book the back-flap of whose jacket said: "His American admirer, Henry James, urged [the author]—to keep on with them all, please, and continue to beckon me along the gallery. . . ." Well, I thought I was being "beckoned to." Too late I discovered that Henry James was talking about another writer altogether, and of a totally different book from the one I purchased. . . . To me this practice is dishonesty on the part of the publishers. Let's have no more of it.

M. EDMUND SPEARE.

New York, N. Y.

The "Rebecca" Case

SIR: Your editorial, titled "The 'Rebecca' Case [*SRL* Feb. 7] points out not only a real hazard even to the conscientious writer, but a lacuna in the law. You do not, however, suggest the remedy. It is simple. There are many types of suits such as this—claimed plagiarism—where long experience has demonstrated that the vast majority of the claims are frivolous. Statutes should be enacted providing that in cases of this kind the expense of litigation, including a reasonable attorney's fee, should be taxed against the unsuccessful party, and that an adequate bond should be required to insure payment. Such acts would discourage both plagiarism and unconscionable claimants.

WALTER P. ARMSTRONG.

Memphis, Tenn.

RUSS PRIESTLEY

"Well, another day, another twenty dollars and thirty-two cents."

Plug-Uglies

SIR: Where can I get some of the devices Rolf Kaltenborn wrote about [*SRL* Jan. 31] to sift out the plug-uglies from radio? Eighteen dollars is cheap; often I feel like paying $18 to stop the foul plugs broadcast by some of our best people, so-called.

Some years ago, I had a hand in an article on the plug-uglies. We got 78,000 hot responses from the public, all angered to the point of fury by the stupid overselling. I went and asked the ad agencies whose fault it was. "The clients'," they said. "The client compels us to write selling stuff." I asked the clients. "The agencies," they said. "They shove it down our throats." I asked the radio stations. "The agencies," they said. The agencies were guilty, two to one.

Kaltenborn did a marvelous job.

ROGER WILLIAM RIIS.

South Kent, Conn.

SIR: Must the reformer always be starry-eyed?

Rolf Kaltenborn writes in praise of subscription radio that "those stations producing the best programs will naturally attract the largest number of subscribers." 'Tain't necessarily so—unless one defines the best as that which is most popular. And, if this is the test of "best," there's no need now "to do anything for radio."

GWYNNE NETTLER.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Current Reading Abridged?

SIR: Honestly, don't you sometimes wonder when you get in these lists under My Current Reading if these noted characters have told all? Aren't they holding something back? Don't any of them ever read trash? Almost all of these are such unrelieved tomes, and the lighter the character, the heavier the tomes. If you publish Mae West's list, she'll be reading "The Decline of the West," Motley's "Dutch Republic," and the "Tragedies of Euripides."

I know you have thought about it, but do you really want to encourage them? MARY PAXTON KEELEY.

Columbia, Mo.

SIR: Bless Judith Anderson! acclaimed
brightest of stars
in Medea's sky and ours
who named
the Bible first on her reading list:* a best-seller all the others have missed!

MARY MOON.

San Diego, Calif.

*SRL Jan. 17

Goat-Getter

SIR: That picture of Truman Capote on the book jacket of "Other Voices, Other Rooms" gets my goat.

PAUL STRAHL.

Gary, Ind.

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Personal History. *Foreigners have often noticed with amazement the zany character of America in election years. No one, for instance, will be able to assess the true character of Henry Wallace until the election clouds disperse, and probably not for many years thereafter. Anyway, Wallace is probably as controversial a figure as was Mirabeau of the French Revolution, who receives magnificent treatment at the hands of Antonina Vallentin (see below). . . . . For the* aficionados *of solid biographies like "Mirabeau," we recommend also "The Strange Life of Lady Blessington," by Michael Sadleir, "John Ruskin and Effie Gray," by Admiral Sir William James, and "The Hooded Hawk," by D. B. Wyndham Lewis, all from England; and, among recent American biographies, "Lewis and Clark," by John Bakeless, "Abigail Adams," by Janet Whitney, and "The Saint and the Devil," by Frances Winwar.*

Impaling the Third-Party Candidate

HENRY WALLACE: The Man and the Myth. By Dwight Macdonald. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1948. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

THE Democratic National Committee should invest heavily in Dwight Macdonald's new book. Widely distributed, it should be very potent campaign ammunition—provided the reader isn't too discerning.

The author undertakes to demolish Wallace as a high-minded and steadfast liberal leader. The author's thesis is sound. But, unfortunately, he is guilty of the same failing of which he accuses Wallace. Like the latter, the author frequently gallops nosily in opposite directions.

It is fiction, says Macdonald, that Wallace is a man of notable integrity; that he has great moral courage; that he is a dreamer whose spirit moves in realms far above petty political considerations; and that he has fought the good fight against privilege and injustice. The author presents considerable evidence to support his disclaimers. But the significance of this damning "proof" is repeatedly distorted and undermined by the author's muddled conclusions, contradictions, and vagaries.

For example: when the author is not castigating Wallace for his inadequacies as a liberal, on which the author is generally on sound ground, he is hotly pursuing him for his "Stalinoid" connections. "Stalinoid" is a term of the author's own coining. Apparently, with the courts having held that it is libelous to call an individual a Communist, a new word was required. The author defines his brainchild as indicating "a general adherence to the Communist Party line of the moment," and says it embraces "Party members, fellow travelers, and the vast army of 'innocent dupes'."

But even with this ingenious excursion into semantics, Mr. Macdonald has considerable difficulty with this part of his mission. His charges don't square with his facts.

> Stalinoid though he was [says the author], Wallace, as always, made little connection between his general political philosophy and his specific policy. Thus he passed over the liberal Wilson Wyatt for the under secretaryship [of Commerce] and appointed instead Alfred Shindler, a conservative St. Louis businessman who had served under [Jesse] Jones. And his choice for the top job of Director of Domestic Commerce was another conservative businessman, Albert J. Browning, who at once began to demand incentive wages.

There are many such examples of the author's attempts to arrive at conclusions in spite of hampering facts. Here is another instance:

"He [Wallace] still praises capitalism and free enterprise and still deplores the class struggle, even when his specific analysis sounds like a *Pravda* editorial." Eighty pages later —pages on many of which appear similar abortive efforts—the author concludes that Wallace's most revealing statement is one in which he suggested it would be unfortunate for world peace if anything occurred inside Russia to upset its system of government at the present time. Mr. Macdonald finds this

> an indication of Wallace's essential conservative mentality. He cannot conceive of any radical break with existing power - institutions anywhere. For all his criticisms of present United States policy, he has never made any objection to the "American way of life"; on the contrary, like the Communists, he is loud in his admiration for American institutions.

And, finally, the author completely befuddles his case with this crowning incoherence, "It is not true that Henry Wallace is an agent of Moscow. But it is true that he behaves like one."

Presumably, so that the reader will know just where the author stands, he throws some interesting light on his own viewpoint. About the Four Freedoms, for which millions of people fought and died all over the world, Mr. Macdonald proclaims that they "are now as mercifully forgotten as Phoebe Snow and the Sapolio jingles," and in a reference to world democracy he uses the phrase "and other ominous topics."

Wallace-haters will undoubtedly enjoy this book. But the informed reader will come away with a sour taste. There is a strong case to be made against Wallace. His record is splotched and muddy. Some of it is downright tawdry. Time and again Wallace has said one thing and done exactly the opposite.

If Mr. Macdonald had confined himself to that record, he really could have "burned up" Wallace.

He Who Shook France

MIRABEAU. By Antonina Vallentin. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 542 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

THOUGH its drama, its achievements, its wonder, and its terror are less startling to those of us who have lived through the events that began in 1914 than they were to the generation that preceded us, the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Era that inevitably followed it are still among the great periods of human turmoil and of human accomplishment. And in that short stretch of years which spawned dynamic men almost as the sea spawns herrings, there were few more significant and none more dynamic than Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, Comte de Mirabeau, described by Carlyle as "he who shook France from its basis; and, as if by his single hand, has held it toppling, still unfallen."

Opinions of this descendant of "Col d'Argent" who achieved at least romantic fame by refusing to die when his jugular vein was severed on the field of battle, of this son of warped and vindictive Victor de Mirabeau, "friend of men" and Physiocrat, are

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as various as his own various and not always stable career. To Gouverneur Morris, who saw him in action, he was "an active and artful rascal. . . . Vices both degrading and detestable marked this extraordinary creature. . . . He was completely prostitute [and] . . . venal. Shameless; and yet greatly virtuous when pushed by a prevailing impulse. . . . I have seen this man in the short space of two years, hissed, honored, hated, mourned." To a modern historian, "his untruthfulness in private life and his venality in public life ruined his schemes and might have ruined France."

Yet to R. M. Johnston, no mean authority on the period, he "stood out in the Assembly as the one constructive statesman, the one man who might bridge the gulf that still separated the deputies from the responsibility of power and the practice of government"; and in his own time, even Lafayette, who detested him, said: "Not for any sum would Mirabeau have sustained an opinion that would have destroyed liberty and dishonored his spirit."

The truth is that all these opinions are true, for Mirabeau was all things, if not to all men. He was the dissolute and shameless aristocrat, the victim of the oppression of absolutism, and finally the first voice of the Revolution who told Usher de Brezé in a voice of thunder: "Go, and tell those who sent you, that we are here by the will of the people, and that we shall not leave except by the force of bayonets."

It is for that reason—and because of the intriguing, if invalid, supposition that he, and he alone, might have spared France the Terror by establishing a constitutional monarchy—that a life of Mirabeau is exceedingly worth writing, and such being the case, it is pleasant to report that Mme. Vallentin has written an exceedingly worth-while book. She spares nothing. she tells everything, and she moves skilfully between the Scylla of omissions and the Charybdis of a padded dulness, using her eloquence and her enthusiasm to make a long and complicated story genuinely exciting.

—*Ezo, Paris.*

Antonina Vallentin "spares nothing; she tells everything."

Wisely, she begins at the beginning, going back to the sixteenth century to trace the origins of the "turbulent race" that produced this black-haired, leonine man, who, ugly as he was, could conquer any woman or any mob, and generally by the same means. Wisely too, she tells us of his father, his mother, his uncle, his sisters, and his brothers. They are as important as his pamphlets and his oratory, his schemes for political and personal advancement, and his secret interviews with Marie Antoinette.

Yet, at that, good as it is, the book is still not as good as it should be. There is enough of narrative, but there should be more analysis and diagnosis. Mme. Vallentin obviously knows all of Mirabeau's inner processes, and she flatters us by assuming that we know them too. But we do not—for we have not lived within Mirabeau as she has. Consequently, many of the transitions are not convincing. Mirabeau is obscure, though seething, and then suddenly he becomes a national force. But how does this power descend upon him? We see it happen, but the chemical reaction is not always clear. And it should be clear, if the book is to be not only good but great. Mme. Vallentin should make it clear. It seems to me that the writer of a biography should assume that his reader knows nothing about either the subject or the era he lives in. Mme. Vallentin has not made this assumption.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Jabez Wilson, in "The Red-headed League," by Conan Doyle. 2. Clarence Day, Sr., in "Life with Father," by Clarence Day. 3. Flamingo, in "A Lion Is in the Streets," by Adria Locke Langley. 4. Homer Adam, in "Mr. Adam," by Pat Frank. 5. Princess Elizabeth, in "Young Bess," by Margaret Irwin. 6. Robert Shannon, in "The Green Years," by A. J. Cronin. 7. Sergeant McNott, in "Northwest Passage," by Kenneth Roberts. 8. Miss Graves, in "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," by Ludwig Bemelmans. 9. "Red," by Somerset Maugham. 10. Stuart and Brent Tarleton, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.

Bridging the Mississippi Mud

ROAD TO THE SEA. By Florence Dorsey. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1947. 340 pp. $4.

Reviewed by ERNEST BAER JOHNSON

FLORENCE DORSEY who grew up in Alton, Illinois, and whose short stories have appeared in *Collier's* and *The Ladies' Home Journal,* has tried her hand at biography in writing "Road to the Sea," subtitled "The Story of James B. Eads and the Mississippi River."

Like his biographer, James Eads spent his childhood alongside the Mississippi in St. Louis, where his family had moved from Indiana when he was thirteen. That great city on the Mississippi and the river itself planted themselves so indelibly in the boy's imagination that he was destined to become identified with them forever. He grew up watching the great sprawling mass of muddy water sluggishly carrying away on its bosom much of the nation's most fertile soil into the Gulf of Mexico, where it obstructed shipping and transportation.

As a young man, he worked in the business of salvaging wrecks along the river. He was a valuable consultant to President Lincoln on the use of the Mississippi in military operations during the Civil War. Immediately after the war he engineered the construction of the first bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis, the span and clearance of which were unprecedented.

Eads's greatest accomplishment was the construction of a system of jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi so arranged that the current of the river would keep its own channel free of sediment, thus making South Pass the chief entrance to the river and putting New Orleans on the map as one of the chief ports in the country.

Had the author not viewed her subject almost wholly from the panegyrical point of view, and had she counterbalanced the excellent reporting she has done with substantial critical comment and interpretation—an essential requirement of modern biography—her heavily documented volume might have developed into something above and beyond the general run of publications.

It is, however, as almost any book about a great American engineer would be, a valuable addition to Americana.

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American History.

Asked in a recent press conference about the popularity here of his "A Study of History," the historian Arnold J. Toynbee replied: "Maybe it was because it appeared at a time when America was entering into the main stream of history and Americans wanted to know more about it." Since the war we have been busy exploring our own history and perhaps for the same reason. Significant is the recent appearance of Carl Van Doren's "The Great Rehearsal" and Charles Beard's popular edition of "The Federalist," both concerned with the drafting of the Constitution. Some may consider America's turning to her past as distasteful nationalism, but in the Constitution, after all, and in the "Federalist" essays, we have the most likely model in recent history for a future world federation.

Who Got What, When, How, and Why

THE ENDURING FEDERALIST. Edited and analyzed by Charles A. Beard. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 391 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by DOUGLASS ADAIR

IT COULD be argued that the most important American invention, judged by its effect on world history, is not the skyscraper, mass production, or the atom bomb, but our federal system of republican government created in 1787.

There is, however, no need to argue that the contemporary commentary on that government called "The Federalist" is America's greatest contribution to the world's political thought. From the time it appeared in 1788 to the present, both practising statesmen and students of government have agreed in listing it in company with Aristotle's "Politics," Machiavelli's "Prince," Hobbes's "Leviathan," Marx's "Manifesto," and a mere handful of other works as one of the greatest books in the political tradition of Western civilization.

"The Federalist" was written at top speed for serial publication in the newspapers during the authors' spare time, for each of the three men was heavily burdened with other duties. Thus the conditions under which the book was composed would normally prevent a political work from being very profound. Yet these authors produced a classic that is in some ways more "timely" today than when it was first written: for *world* interest in federalism as a counterweight against the dangers of centralizing despotism has increased rather than decreased since the American statesmen of 1787 worked to strike the right balance between individual freedom and governmental unity. Charles Beard, editor of this new edition of the work is quite correct, then, in calling it the "enduring Federalist"; so long as the ideal of government by the people exists in the world, "The Federalist" will endure and will be read by men and women who seek to understand the strengths and weaknesses, the possibilities and limitations of democracy.

How was it possible for Hamilton and Madison, the chief authors of the essays, to produce in this offhand way such a great work? Why does their political analysis written nearly 200 years ago for a specific and transitory occasion endure today as one of the few truly profound works on popular government?

The most striking feature of "The Federalist" is its amazing distillation of both theoretical and practical political wisdom. Both Madison and Hamilton were highly talented political manipulators who had learned by practice what means the politician must use if he is to achieve his ends. But Hamilton and Madison joined to their manipulative skills and knowledge a searching and philosophic concern with the underlying causes and effects of political phenomena throughout history. In "The Federalist" they are intent on analyzing who gets what, when, how, but equally they want to show *why*—to establish generalizing laws, to set forth timeless principles of political life. It is this marvelous marriage of theory and practice that produced the classic pages of "Publius." The "genius" of Hamilton and Madison flowed, in part at least, from the fact that each man combined in his own person the quite different talents and skills appropriate to the active politician and the contemplative scholar.

The scholar-statesman, a rare type in any period of American history, is practically unknown in this country today except in the Federal courts. However, few who know the facts of Charles Beard's career and the inner history of the Progressive Era and the New Deal would deny that he is perhaps the most conspicuous exception to this statement although he has never held office. For fifty years his scholarship, like Madison's and Hamilton's, has been consistently and effectively directed toward the hottest political issues that have agitated the nation; never ceasing to be the speculative thinker he has always by choice been involved in the hurly-burly of practical politics.

This edition of "The Federalist," like all of Beard's earlier books, was produced for practical political use. It is his contribution to the great contemporary debate over the future of representative government and its relation to world federalism. Beard believes that the discussion in Congress and among Americans generally will be better informed and more fruitful if the debaters have read what Hamilton and Madison said about federalism in 1787-1788. To this end he has edited "The Federalist" so that its text will be easier reading than in previous editions. Certain of the papers made obsolete by amendment to the Constitution or modern political practice have been omitted. Since the essays as originally published had no titles, Beard has supplied them and added paragraph running-heads to help the reader follow the line of exposition and argument. He has also supplied a luminous general introduction explaining why "The Federalist" should be a best seller today, as well as a series of short introductions to the sections of the work giving the reader "a feel" of the issues and events Hamilton and Madison analyze in the text.

Douglass Adair, professor at William and Mary College, is managing editor of the William and Mary Quarterly *and is working on a new edition of "The Federalist."*

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America's Ambulatory Museum

HERITAGE OF FREEDOM: The History and Significance of the Basic Documents of American Liberty. By Frank Monaghan. Princeton: The Princeton University Press. 1947. 150 *pp. Paper* $2, *cloth* $3.50.

Reviewed by COURTLANDT CANBY

SOME may feel that a streamlined red-white-and-blue train crammed with historical documents is of questionable value compared, for instance, with the Friendship Train loaded with food for Europe. But let us examine this Freedom Train more closely, for there are some interesting points to be made about America's "Heritage of Freedom" here gathered together in one ambulatory museum. In an air-conditioned atmosphere, behind bullet-proof glass, to the sound of softly patriotic music, what does one find? The embalmed body of a Lenin? Crown jewels? The shinbone of a saint, the ashes of great men or of martyrs? No. One finds merely pieces of paper or of parchment, hastily-scribbled, handwritten notes: "The immediate appointment of General Eisenhower to command of Overlord operation has been decided upon. (signed) Roosevelt"; "This may certify that the bearer Mr. Paul Revere is messenger to the Committee of Safety—"; or Ben Franklin's famous epitaph in his own hand: "The Body of B. Franklin, Printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents worn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms. But the work shall not be lost. . . ."

It is fortunate that our national symbols consist of documents forged in the heat of national crises, documents that are capable of being read afresh and with new inspiration as long as they are still relevant to our own time and situation. (For those who will read them and ponder, the "work shall not be lost.") The United States was quite consciously created and organized by men who believed in the power of reason, the rights of the individual, and the rule of law. Today, these concepts are still ours, but they are opposed as never before by worldwide counter-beliefs in the paramount supremacy of the state. And the clear light of reason has become increasingly confused in a mist of its own making.

Go back, then, to the Freedom Train, or leaf through this book which describes the documents it contains, and try to judge for yourself the validity today, for us, of the traditional American beliefs we at least all pay lip service to. You will find, of course, the Declaration of Independence, which based for the first time a whole government upon the consent of the people; you will find letters and documents detailing the growth of the Constitution and its Bill of Rights. You will find Lincoln's own "reading copy" of that poem to American democracy, the Gettysburg Address. You will find also less well-known but equally pregnant documents. In 1790 Moses Seixas, warden of the Hebrew Congregation of Newport, Rhode Island, welcomed President Washington with the words:

> Deprived as we heretofore have been of the invaluable rights of free citizens, we now . . . behold a Government erected by the majesty of the people, a Government which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, but generously affording to all liberty of conscience and immunities of citizenship, deeming everyone, of whatever nation, tongue, or language equal parts of the great Government machine.

In 1676 Nathaniel Bacon, of Virginia, remonstrated against the tyrannical Governor Berkeley:

> For having only with the privacie of a fewe favourites without the acquainting of the People, only by Alteration of Figure forged a Commission, by I know not what hand, not only without, but against the Consent of the People, for the Raising and Effecting of Civill Warr and Destruction, which being happilie and without Bloodshed prevented.

In words which we might well ponder today, President Theodore Roosevelt in 1907 wrote of the occupation of Cuba:

> There can be no talk of a protectorate by us. Our business is to establish peace and order on a satisfactory basis, start the new government, and then leave the island. . . . The good faith of the United States is a mighty valuable asset and must not be impaired.

"Heritage of Freedom" is both a guidebook to the Freedom train and a permanent record of the more than 125 documents gathered together in it. About thirty of the more interesting and important exhibits are reproduced in facsimile; texts of most of the rest are either given in full or in part. The compiler, Frank Monaghan, has provided succinct and readable introductions to every document. Unfortunately for the general reader who has not been able to fight his way onto the Freedom Train itself, the book describes the exhibits in the order they are presented on the train which in print gives an impression of chronological confusion, with the various subjects under which the documents are grouped on the train not adequately indicated. There is a brief bibliography ("For further reading") and an index.

It is not surprising that most of the documents center around periods of crisis in our history: the Revolution, the Civil War, World War II. "These are the times that try men's souls," wrote Thomas Paine in "The American Crisis" of 1776 (Exhibit No. 15). Again we are in a period that tries men's souls—and their beliefs, too. Since the war, American beliefs have grown rigid, are recited by rote, are losing their life under the pressures of changing times. It is valuable therefore to look back and see these beliefs in the making, when they were fresh. The lesson, I think, of these documents is that no belief must be taken for granted; that what we possess so tenuously today was won at hard cost and cannot be maintained without effort.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

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Seeing Things

THE ORDER OF THE PALM

THE HERO who is man-sized rather than of god-like proportions; the good individual, not the fabulously noble one; the decent fellow instead of the over-virtuous prig; the person whose influence is based upon quiet example and understanding rather than upon overstatement and obnoxious moralizing, he of all heroes, though the most common in life, is the hardest to make real in either fiction or the drama. Mr. Roberts, in spite of being shadowy, was such a figure in Thomas Heggen's book. He remains such a figure, but with the shadows gone and his qualities of leadership persuasively illustrated, not described, as he is excellently played by Henry Fonda in the admirable dramatization and well-nigh perfect production which has brought "Mister Roberts"* to the stage.

Every self-indulgent reader must by now have read Mr. Heggen's profoundly moving, if hilarious, sketches about life as it was endured in the Pacific aboard a drab Navy cargo vessel which never saw action. Mr. Heggen's was a remarkable book. Indeed, in my opinion it is the most valid volume about life on a ship to have been written by an American since Marcus Goodrich wrote that minor masterpiece "Delilah."

"Mister Roberts" was tough-fibered, muscular, and exuberant in its animalism. Yet it was filled with compassion. Its approach to war was both wonderfully unromantic and unorthodox. It was the kind of war book that somehow just does not get written in wartime. It was a tale—more accurately, a series of tales—about young men who were the victims of frustration. Its humor, which was lusty, was born of despair. Any readers who found it funny, and only funny, missed its point entirely and established beyond dispute their own ignorance of the war.

But "Mister Roberts" was a wise book no less than an entertaining and poignant one. Its pungency may have come from the fact that its sailors did not talk as their mothers hoped they would. Its wisdom, however, came from other sources. It recognized that boredom is one of the chief conditions and horrors of war. It realized, too, that from a serviceman's point of view the Enemy was not necessarily the armed forces of Hitler or Hirohito. It was anyone over a man who could give him orders and hence serve as an impediment to his impulses.

To the company of the AK 601 the Skipper, a cantankerous, small-minded, and smaller-souled mortal, *was* the Enemy. Every boy and man aboard the *Reluctant* hated the Captain. All of them conspired against him incessantly and ingeniously, as the ship pursued its dreary runs from Apathy to Tedium and back again, with occasional side trips to Monotony and Ennui. That Mr. Roberts shared the crew's dislike for the Captain was one reason for his popularity.

There were others. Shy youngster of twenty-six though he was, he was the buffer between what was human in the men and inhuman in the Skipper. His quiet authority made itself felt. There was something in his voice that compelled people to strain to listen. "He was the sort of leader," Mr. Heggen assured us eloquently but with the ease of a writer of fiction whose descriptions must be accepted as documented truth, "who is followed blindly because he does not look back to see if he is being followed." Roberts had gone to war to fight. He hated being inactive almost as much as he hated the Captain. After winning many battles against the Skipper, Roberts at last won for himself a transfer to combat duty. It was this transfer which cost him his life. He was on a destroyer off Japan when it was hit by a suicide plane in Mr. Heggen's concluding sketch.

All of the youth, the maleness, the pathos, and the "service" wisdom of these sketches has been captured and enhanced in "Mister Roberts" as set behind the footlights. No play about Americans at war since "What Price Glory?" has possessed the vitality and truth of this comedy of heartbreak which Mr. Heggen has fashioned from his book with Joshua Logan's brilliant aid.

DRAMATIZATIONS, as a rule, prove more like sieves than containers for the virtues of a book. "Mister Roberts" is an exception. It is the gainer, not the loser, because of what has been done to it. Stymied professors of playwriting up and down the land, anxious for the sake of their students to find an answer to such an unanswerable question as how talent actually operates, could not do better than to come to their classrooms equipped with Mr. Heggen's volume and the play made from it. The differences between the two supply as illuminating instruction as can be found on the perquisites of good narrative as opposed to the needs of expert theatre.

There being no room for them on the boards, several members of the *Reluctant's* crew have been obliged to walk the plank. Among those unaccounted for are Lesueur, the executive officer; Pauley, the officer of the deck; and, above all, young Ensign Keith, who was so steeped in Navy Regs that he had to be shipbroken. These characters, however, are not missed. Plenty has been offered in their place. Mr. Heggen's independent

John Swope.

"From a serviceman's point of view the Enemy was anyone who could give him orders and hence serve as an impediment to his impulses."

MISTER ROBERTS, a play by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan based on Mr. Heggen's book. Directed by Mr. Logan. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Presented by Leland Hayward. With a cast including Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, William Harrigan, Rusty Lane, Karl Lukas, Casey Walters, Jocelyn Brando, etc. At the Alvin.

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JUDITH ANDERSON • DENNIS KING • FLORENCE REED
in "MEDEA"
Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS
Staged by JOHN GIELGUD
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"A SUPERB DRAMA" —Atkinson, Times
IRENE M SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • ALBERT RUIZ
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT." Garland, Jrn'l-Amer.
MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
THE HARTMANS & HANK LADD
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ANGEL IN THE WINGS
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BROCK PEMBERTON presents
FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
(Now in its 3rd Year!)
48th ST. THEATRE, East of Broadway
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 12 & 23

sketches have been unified, his episodes consolidated. Yet, shrewd as are the transplantings or extensions of single lines and details, the commendable simplicity of the original has not been lost.

In spite of all the canniness of its planning, the dramatization retains a superb unstudied, almost an improvised, quality. It has the art to make the difficult seem easy; the contrived, natural; the rehearsed, impromptu. Stripped to its essentials, it tells how Roberts wins a rowdy but much-needed liberty for the crew in a Pacific port and thereafter, when transferred, loses his life. Not according to the planning of classical tragedy, but in that haphazard, arbitrary, senseless way which was the tragedy, because the reality, of war. What matters, however, is the hilarity of the incidents and the seemingly anecdotal fashion in which they follow one another. What matters, too, is the energy of the speech, the originality with which boys are observed when pushed into manhood by a form of disciplined life which they despise, and the starvation or poignancy which, therefore, underlies their jokes.

The ears of playgoers and the eyes of solitary readers operating as they do on a strangely double standard of morality, the dialogue in the play is a little less dictaphonic than it was in the book. But group hearing being the ridiculous prude it is, the speech is still audacious. Colorfully and correctly so. In fact, one of the many decencies to which "Mister Roberts" can lay claim is the un-Gideonized, pro-Kinsey language its sailors talk. It is an essential part of the script's rightness. Only the prurient or the protected could object to it. The real indecency would have been to mistake Blue Jackets for blue stockings.

The *Reluctant*, as realized in Jo Mielziner's seaworthy settings, remains as unceremonious and disorderly a bucket as she was when launched in Mr. Heggen's pages. She is the kind of ship guaranteed to lay any self-respecting graduate of Annapolis low with thrombosis. She is a war casualty—the casualty of so deadly a weapon as boredom. The members of her crew continue to be as raffish, mutinous, and prankish as they ever were. But, though they may ogle hungrily through binoculars at nurses in shower rooms on shore; assemble and swig jungle juice afloat; demolish property and the Army when they land; get so roaring drunk that they have to be hauled aboard in cargo nets; and enliven their dull days at sea by fighting one another and making the Captain's life miserable, still they are a fundamentally likable lot. It is Mr. Roberts who brings out

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with RAY MIDDLETON
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LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'!
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"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
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their best qualities as surely as the Captain provokes their worst.

The affection that men feel for men is one of the most devastating of emotions. It is devastating because manliness demands that it be left unphrased. Its expressions are apt to be awkward, muted, maladroit. Its very inarticulateness is part of its poignancy.

Seldom has this affection in all its innocence and trust been more movingly stated than it is in "Mister Roberts" when in the play the young sailors slink into Roberts's presence to tell him good-bye and drink his health. It is then they present him with a decoration and a citation of their own devising which he has earned because of the courage he has shown in tossing overboard the cherished potted palm the Captain has kept outside his cabin. The decoration is the "Order of the Palm"; the citation runs: "For Action Against the Enemy, Above and Beyond the Call of Duty."

As a play, "Mister Roberts" may lack importance. At times it may come perilously close to slapstick. In its ultimate range it may be limited by its fidelity to the juvenile mind and emotions of the young men with whom it deals. But this much seems to me, at least, as self-evident as were those truths enunciated by the Founding Fathers. It is gloriously accurate in realizing its intentions. It finds supreme showmanship informed by very human values. It is superlative theatre; a miracle of production in which the script, setting, acting, and direction all fuse to create one of the most uproarious, heartwarming, and yet touching evenings Broadway has yielded in many a long year.

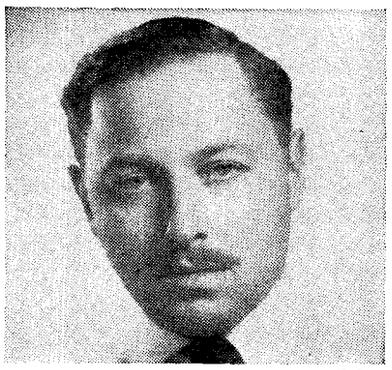
No doubt it is Joshua Logan who is most responsible for this. Mr. Logan is one of America's ablest directors. He is a master of his medium. He knows how to drain the passing moment of its full quota of tears and laughter. He is able to cast a spell over playgoers which persuades them that all clocks except those behind the footlights have, for the time being, been halted and that life itself has become the more real for having been suspended. He possesses the human touch and the magician's wand. But, creative as Mr. Logan's work has always been, it has never been more enriching than in "Mister Roberts."

He could not have assembled a more perfect cast. Henry Fonda plays Roberts as if he had been born for it. He is to the full the unheroic hero; the shy, modest, every-day young man whose decencies and hidden strength have somehow made a leader of him. His is a quiet performance, alive with feeling, and admirable in its avoidance of sham. Its power is its understatement, its reticence, its utter and communicated honesty.

Robert Keith is no less excellent as the easy-going ship's doctor. So, for that matter, are David Wayne as the oddly inventive Ensign Pulver, and William Harrigan as the embittered, ambitious Captain whose dislike for college men is among the ruling passions of his frustrated life. As the nurse whose birthmark is not always visible, Jocelyn Brando plays, and nicely plays, the sole woman in a very male cast. When it comes, as come it must, to the brawny and obstreperous youngsters who form the *Reluctant's* crew, they all—every mother's son and Captain's terror among them—deserve a unit citation.

The Navy is brave at sea but frightened by the dictionary. It prides itself on being the silent service. Its idea of extravagant praise is a signal reading "Well Done." Fortunately, in the presence of "Mister Roberts," playgoers do not have to be so restrained.

JOHN MASON BROWN.



—*Talbot.*

My Current Reading

Tennessee Williams, playwright, author of that Broadway smash hit, "A Streetcar Named Desire," provides us with the following list of his reading:

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE, *by Sir James Jeans (Macmillan)*
HUMAN DESTINY, *by Lecomte du Noüy (Longmans)*
EXPLAINING THE ATOM, *by Selig Hecht (Viking)*
THE STRANGER, *a novel by Albert Camus (Knopf)*
CALIGULA *and* CROSS PURPOSE, *plays by Albert Camus*
LA FOLLE DE CHAILLOT, *a play by Jean Giraudoux*
NO EXIT *and* THE FLIES, *plays by Jean-Paul Sartre (Knopf)*
LIONS AND SHADOWS, *by Christopher Isherwood (New Directions)*
THE IDIOT, *by Feodor Dostoievsky*
THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY, *by Albert Einstein*

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FICTION

(Continued from page 17)

terrelations just as a hurricane strikes the heart of the city. Through thumbnail sketches of his characters, the author deftly sifts out the significant portions of their lives and leaves the rest to the reader's imagination. While certainly a time-saver, this technique sometimes proves disastrous since certain facts, important to the story's continuity, never appear at all, thus leaving the reader in complete bewilderment.

The cast of characters is, indeed, varied. There is Florina, a well-kept woman, full of advice on how to handle men, and interested in setting up an establishment for young females. Slightly less enterprising is Sophie, who, after having finished with the artist Philip Hughes, sets her snares for his more "vigorous" son. Elsa is a German-born Cuban in love with Sam Hughes. The Marquesa hates the Marques. Domenico, the wealthy owner of two sugar centrals, is interested in the aforementioned Florina who, in turn, is infatuated with the young, powerful jai-alai player Antonio. And Serafin Gonzalez is a bit-part idea man whose inspirations on substitutes for brassieres usually land him in jail.

Each of these characters has his own peculiarities, too. Domenico, for instance, liked to keep the syphilitic offspring of his aged gardener locked in a cage where, if in a sufficiently good mood, the sugar magnate would lead his guests and demonstrate "the wages of sin" by throwing live chickens into the cage and watching the human "monster" tear them apart. The Marques, running a close second, chained his wife's insane uncle inside a little stone house and then dragged the Marquesa outside to see the house burn down, as her uncle ran back and forth on the length of his chain until he perished in the flames. There was also an Englishman who tortured his wife constantly for a past infidelity. But one finds oneself singularly unperturbed over these cruelties for they all seem quite reasonable in a "country preoccupied with sex," which, while slightly top-heavy sensually, is governed completely by the whims of the winds and the seas.

Thus when the hurricane strikes, we look for a crashing turbulence; but all we find is a casual acceptance, a flat stoicism which seems to be the key to understanding these island people.

> Five minutes after the sun had dipped beneath the sea, . . . the darkness lunged upon the city, extracting the color in a moment and leaving it dead and grey. . . . People did not as usual come out and promenade in the cool night. The air was too wet, and experience had taught them that it would begin to rain soon. Instead, the sound of hammers increased throughout the city. The iron roller shutters were brought ringing down early in the evening, protecting open restaurants and bars. . . . The radios were screaming raucous warnings, urging people to fill pails and basins with water in case the system should collapse or become contaminated. . . . Be sure to leave a window or door open away from the wind. Buy extra food. . . . See to your cooking facilities. . . . Be calm, they said—and people took another drink and went to the window to look out. . . . In general, everyone was having a simply wonderful time.

And with the passing of the storm, each loose thread in the novel is neatly gathered, everyone (except Domenico and the Marquesa) is paired up, and the story ends pleasantly enough. Although there is no lasting merit to the book, it is fast-paced, tastily-written and, for all its hit-and-run tactics, it leaves behind the faint, delicately-spiced aroma of the tropics, of romance, of love.

De Linc, Alias Delinc, Alias Dellinick

THE CONTINENTAL TOUCH. By Joseph Wechsberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 323 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

WHEN, on one of the last pages of Mr. Wechsberg's novel, the case of his hero, Louis de Linc (Delinc, Dellinick), Lt. Col. AUS, killed under mysterious circumstances together with a prospective defendant in a war crimes trial, is closed by a special report of the Provost Marshal's Office, Criminal Investigation Division, three of the secondary characters of the book act as a sort of Greek chorus, summing up the "moral of the story":

> "Suppose," Kamin said, "it was the other way around? Suppose Louis wanted to kill her? Suppose he got her into the boat, shot her, and afterwards killed himself?"
>
> Fernande sat up straight. Marcel whistled softly through his teeth. "*Sapristi*," he said.
>
> "I went down to Monte Carlo a few weeks after I read about Louis's death," Kamin said. "I spoke to all the people mentioned in the report."
>
> "You found out anything?" Marcel said.
>
> "No. They all told me the same story."
>
> "But then," Fernande said, "I don't see what gives you that idea that he killed her first."
>
> Kamin shrugged. "I don't know myself," he said after a while. "I can't prove it. I just feel that it may have happened that way. Louis had a reason to kill her. He'd always been very devoted to his father."
>
> "But did he also have a reason to kill himself?" Fernande asked.
>
> "I don't know," Kamin said.
>
> Marcel said, "*Merde alors*, you knew him, didn't you?"
>
> Kamin was silent. Had he really known Louis? He had been watching him from the sidelines ever since they had been kids but he had never been close to him. Nobody had ever been close to Louis.
>
> Louis had always been lonely. Lonely in the house of his parents. Lonely among his friends whom he didn't trust. Lonely with the women he didn't want to love. To love is always to die a little but Louis had never let himself die.

It is the story of this "lonely man"—a crafty, ruthless, love- and fortune-hunting adventurer, equally successful in an obscure Moravian town, in Paris, and in the USA—that Mr. Wechsberg tells us in a book he "has been wanting to write ever since he came to America and observed the strange antics of certain Europeans away from home." To do so he combines two techniques: that of the Central European *Feuilleton* school which he carried so-to-speak in his literary luggage when he came to these shores a decade ago, and that of *The New Yorker* slice-of-life manner which he discovered and mastered in his new country.

This double technique accounts for the plus and minus of "The Continental Touch"; for a wealth of crisp, ribald, brightly-colored episodes and swiftly-sketched characters on the one hand, and for the absence of what gives a novel its body (namely rounded character portrayals, an accomplished social, historical, and local background, and a certain epical breadth) on the other.

Mr. Wechsberg enjoys satirical thrusts, but also melodramatic situations. He knows how to evoke with a few words the atmosphere of a house ball in Ostrava, a café in Paris,

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an apartment in the East Seventies of New York. And he loves (too much for this reviewer's taste) to sprinkle his tale with *real* French sentences, *bon mots*, and sundry *fleurs de rhétorique Montmartienne.*

Long, Long Ago

JAMES AND JOAN: An Historical Romance About James I of Scotland. By Anne Freemantle. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 279 pp. $3.

Reviewed by KENNETH HORAN

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY is as alive and vivid in this story as though it were Fifth Avenue. No need to have a knowledge of Scottish history to find its pages enthralling, for here are men and women ready to step into technicolor at a moment's notice. And this is no derogatory allusion, but rather an appreciation of the learning and the affection Mrs. Freemantle has brought to their universally tragic stories. The language is of the times—that is, the words are those in common use in the fifteenth rather than the twentieth century—and the customs are those of Scottish origin. But these things do not detract from the highly individual people, their homes, their ambitions, and their despairs, but rather enhance the beauty of the scene, and lend it glamor.

And, by the way, their clothes have style, whether shift or bodkin. As to manners, they differ from those of the present in one particular only, and that is the acceptance of violence in high places. To be more explicit, "Off with their heads" was a widely used slogan.

In 1390 Robert the Third ascended the Scottish throne. He was orginally John Stewart of Kyle, was created Earl of Athol and Carrick, but was never capable of governing because of an injury to his leg which required constant applications of vinegar. (Why this should have prevented his using his head is something lost in the mists of antiquity, but apparently it did.) He gave over the reins to his younger brother Robert Stewart, first Duke of Albany, and the guardianship of his elder son, David Stewart, Duke of Rothsay, to Albany, who presumably starved him to death at Falkland. And Robert the Third died of grief on the receipt of the news of the capture of his younger son, James, by the English, when he was en route to France.

This romance is James's story. He was held prisoner by Henry IV, lodged at Windsor, and was well treated after the accession of Henry V to the throne. He went with him on his French campaign and was released after negotiations by Scottish leaders and crowned king of Scotland at Scone on May 21, 1424. His attempt to suppress the great feudal lords of Scotland led to plots against his life and he was murdered at Perth by Sir Robert Graham. And had he not written the allegorical poem "The King is Quair," there would have been no record of his meeting the lovely Joan in France, nor of her struggle when he brought her back to Scotland. With her came a flowering of art, music, and literature in the chill Northern kingdom.

Sights and sounds of London, the plague, the intrigues of the courts, stand out in colorful contrast to the Scottish moors and bracken. The beliefs and the politics of the times also weave strong threads in the tapestry of fifteenth-century Europe. This is a book made up of interesting people, who happened to live in Scotland a long, long time ago.

The Return

By Marjorie Chadbourne

I LEFT my love and sat among the wise,
Silenced the music in me, to be taught
New acrobatics in the realm of thought,
New forms of doubt, new fear, new compromise.
Thus overwhelmed, the heart revolts or dies,
And this I learnt from battles dearly fought:
Knowledge alone extends from nought to nought,
And truths unlived might just as well be lies.

Take what I learnt, and teach me how to be!
Lift up the rock and set the fountain free!
Let there be silence in the world today,
For I have lost by talking overlong
And much forgotten on a foreign way.
God give me back my childhood and my song!

Bringing Up Sonny

THE REALISTS. By C. B. Ives, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 234 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IN THIS friendly duel between the practical banker and his radical-minded—or I should say radical-dreaming—son, it is difficult to say just who is the realist. Perhaps neither.

Perhaps Mr. Ives is poking fun at everybody concerned, for they all seem to be fumbling about earnestly behind several thicknesses of veil, with the realistic truth somewhere on the other side. J. Walter Waring sits at his silver breakfast service and grumbles about the war, and the Reds and unions and Roosevelt. Also, he wangles an occasional deal whereby some scarce commodities he has his hands on get to the Germans somehow—he doesn't care to know how. And Tommy Waring doesn't want to be a banker like his father. He wants to go out into life and help the people, do something to get the ancestral curse of wealth off him. He meets a crowd of hard-boiled radicals in Greenwich Village, puts some money into a sheet called *Hard Facts*, gets entangled with a Russian blonde named Olga, who works her way into his family circle and plays hob, at last, with Father.

It is a tangled mess and not, I am afraid, significant of anything. The trouble is that there is no focal point or person anywhere in the book, and none visible behind it either. Both Warings are built like caricatures: the grumpy banker who loves his son and knows how the chips are placed all the time, the callow youth damp at the ears, hungry for love and betterment, and getting them mixed. The radical editors are shrewd, and not particularly earnest. Olga is the book's best stab at character, and turns out to be *a* character instead. The story works itself up to a climax, with everybody facing everybody else emitting shrill cries, but it all boils down to this, that old Waring is only a man after all, meaning he tried to wave Olga out of Tom's path, and Fell, himself.

That seems to displace the problem the book began with—about Tommy and his social conscience—and it stays displaced. Lacking the wit and style which might have made it a comedy of manners, "The Realists" simmers down to a sentimental episode on bringing up Sonny, with political grace notes, struck off-stage. There are no realists to be found in it anywhere.

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MONDAY TO FRIDAY

(*Continued from page 9*)

structure and obtain the satisfaction of surmounting them.

The Modern Age

THE INDUSTRIAL revolution injected an entirely new factor into the whole problem.

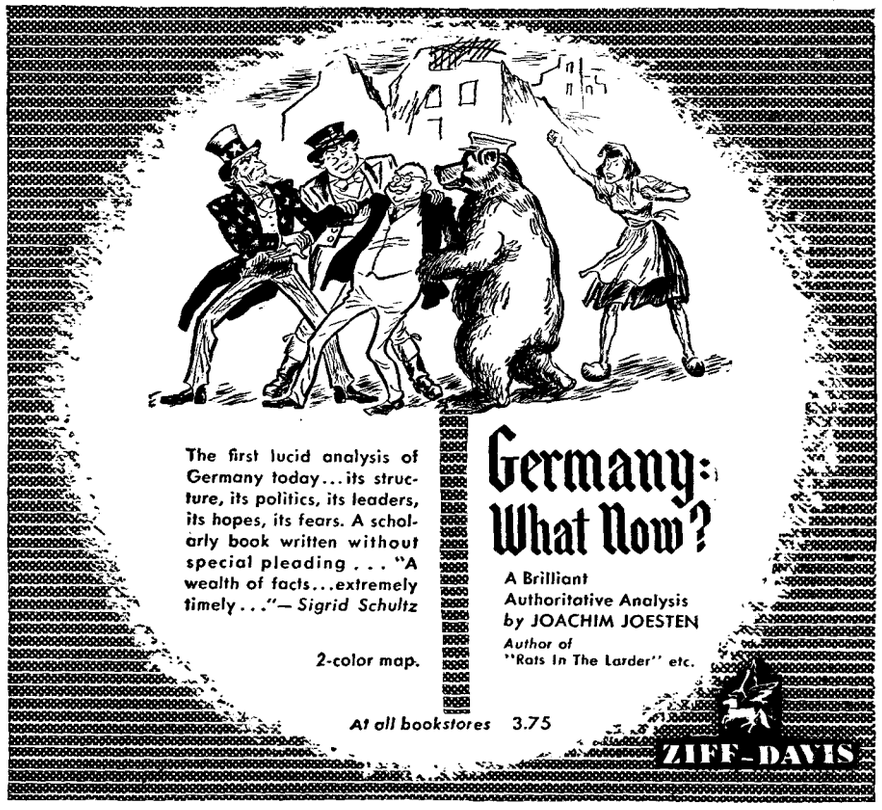
The machine, and, perhaps even more, the intricate "systems" of organization," financial, legal, and social, which accompanied the machine, did two things. They increased enormously the output and distribution of goods and services—the financial returns on the individual lottery ticket went up from bottom to top. But they did it at a cost which we are just beginning to appreciate. That cost was the destruction of opportunity for ingenuity in the case of millions of people. The top group, who devised and handled the executive side of the systems, needed ingenuity without limit. But the systems they devised and operated took for granted that there would be great groups of people who would gladly and happily accept working lives of complete routine—pulling a lever, adding columns of figures, typing letters—in return for a little better chance of security.* But in the Nineteen Thirties the whole picture began to show signs of distortion in two ways.

To begin with, millions of people who, to the fury of their opponents, were also voters, began to say that the American lottery wasn't good enough, even if it was the best in the world. What's more, they began to force the Government to change it. The big annual prizes were taken away from the recipients by increasing the surtaxes. Labor unions were strengthened and demanded more money for less work. "Relief" became not merely a depression expedient, but an annual charge.

But much more startling than this, social observers began to note a definite trend of disinterest in work, with natural resulting inefficiency. The routineers simply *did not care* about their tasks, and the final blow came when it was discovered that not even *more money—the standard American economic cure-all*—would lessen that disinterest. That brings us to the present moment.

We are facing the possibility of a disastrous monetary inflation, arising largely from the billions of new money necessarily pumped into the financial

*A great many people will tell you today that people in routine jobs are very happy with them and would always be if "labor organizers" did not stir them up to revolt.



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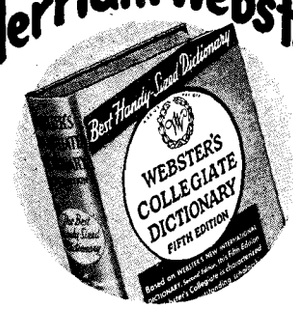

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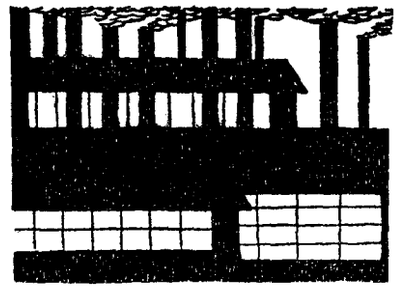

system during the war. The exact amount, so far as I know, has never been revealed. The sensible way for the United States to prevent the disaster is to step up the unit efficiency of production. All economists seem to agree on this point; it is one of the very few points on which they do agree. How are you going to do it when the people are disinterested in work and also—something even the most liberal employers cannot really believe—the incentive of more money will not, by itself, change that attitude?

The Next Step

WAILINGS and lamentations will be of no avail. Nor will, I suspect, exhortations to return to the fifty-four-hour week. A depression might have some effect and there are people who assert vigorously, in private, that what the country needs is a good depression. However, since an inflation depression ruins rich and poor alike, this is not a consummation devoutly to be wished. A more constructive next step must be sought.

I believe the next step has been taken, haltingly and subject to suspicion, but conditions are gradually forcing it into a full stride. It began with a member of The National Association of Manufacturers, an organization which radicals and many liberals hold in complete and utter disdain. It will be ironically amusing if that group brings to us the solution which the radicals and liberals seek so futilely.

The member in question is Mr. James Lincoln—no relation, I believe, to the President's family. Some fifty years ago Mr. Lincoln borrowed five hundred dollars and started a company to make welding rods, which he called The Lincoln Electric Company. In addition to the money, he had an idea, and a very revolutionary idea it was, and apparently still is. He believed that *every* man and woman (even the routineers) had within themselves vast stores of *ingenuity*;

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ISLAND OF ESCAPE *Hugh Lawrence Nelson* (Rinehart: $2)	Four women go to Pacific isle, contending for hand of eccentric owner. One is promptly slain Another stops subsequent crime wave.	Bizarre background, choice cast of characters—except admirable heroine, killings, explosions, fires, and sardonically surprising finish.	Readable
THE TRIAL OF ALVIN BOAKER *John Reywall* (Random House: $2.50)	Choleric Federal judge, accused of slaying estranged wife, is convicted on circumstantial evidence. Colleague who tried him records case in detail.	Letter-perfect in court procedure—which makes it, like most trials, occasionally dull. Invaluable for mysteriographers, solid fare for addicts.	For discriminating readers
THE CASE OF THE LONELY HEIRESS *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Worried publisher of California mag. for lovelorn asks P. Mason to probe wealthy and beauteous advertiser. Murder follows, also courtroom pyrotechnics.	Lively, clever, and shrewdly plotted variation on familiar Mason theme, with much villainy, both crude and polished, and some spectacular sleuthing.	Another 32nd Degree Mason
THE BLACK PIANO *Constance & Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2)	Wife, tired of parasitical kin, changes identity after murderous attack, marries again, and stirs up sundry homicidal tendencies.	Plot leaks like sieve but outrageous didoes of people, including marvelous Aunt Mamie, make tale easy and painless reading.	Wacky
AN AUTHOR BITES THE DUST *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2)	Australian author dies and no one can find out what killed him. Two months later detective Napoleon Bonaparte takes cold case.	Shows that Boney can function as well among literary savages as with aborigines. In some ways best of his cases to date.	Top-rank

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that their work should be so set up as to give them money incentive *and* opportunity to exercise their ingenuity; in this way you could maintain *both* interest and efficiency. I recommend to everyone a reading of at least the first chapter of his book.* [Reviewed in *SRL* April 27, 1946].

Mr. Lincoln tried out his plan in somewhat the following way. He appointed someone as impartial as possible to study what a normal worker should be able to turn out in a day at normal speed. For example, if the man, or group, was making handles, the time-study man might say the normal output should be 500 handles a day. The company then made this proposition to the workers: If you by your *ingenuity*, by the way you operate your machine, by the way you locate it, or improve it—but *not* by speed-up—can turn out more than 500 handles, we will pay you all or a large part of the difference.

At once the day's work became a challenge to ingenuity, with a powerful money incentive to meet the challenge. Apparently since it was started the ingenuity and interest have never given out. Costs went down, wages up, and profits increased. Plant workers earned four, five, and six thousand dollars a year, exclusive of bonuses paid by the company at the end of each year. Mr. Lincoln didn't do so badly, either, and I doubt if any worker begrudges him his share.

I am aware that many factors were present in the Lincoln Company case which are not present in other industries. Not the least of these was Mr. Lincoln's own executive genius.† However, the important point is that more and more management consultants are beginning to urge on industry some system based on the Lincoln plan. When these consultants take their hair down, they admit that their urging is producing results at only glacial speed. But let one company in any industry find the key for that particular industry and competitors will be forced to follow. And the unions will have to consent or face their own destruction.

For such systems square with fundamental truths. They offer the individual reasonable chance of security, plus the same opportunity to grow and develop as did, in a different and more individual way, the craftsman of old. When and as we can bring back to every individual, man or woman, from president to apprentice, the *desire* to produce more efficiently because *ingenuity* is challenged, then we shall have a national output which will make our present production look halting by comparison. We shall also have more satisfied men and women, less interested in fighting to take away from their neighbors the latters' share of the pie.

To summarize: it begins to look as if America will again come forward with its own original idea for solving the current phase of the eternal conflict between the search for security and the need for development of man's ingenuity. On the surface of the world today there appears only a mad scramble for security. Totalitarian Communism is offering it in exchange for personal liberty. The combination of economic socialism and political democracy is offering it in return for a willingness to hold the *status quo*. In our own country millions of workers have concentrated on the ideal of security at the cost of restricting opportunity; their opponents cry for more opportunity at the cost of security. But below the surface is the typical American current of thought which says that we can find the way to have both if we will only have the courage to try.

If you really have faith in the American system, you must have faith not only that it can maintain its *status quo*, but also that it can burst ahead again. You must believe that just as it captured the world imagination politically in the eighteenth century and economically in the nineteenth, so can it capture the world imagination sociologically in the twentieth.

*Lincoln's Incentive System. By James F. Lincoln. New York: McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. 1946. 192 pp. $2.

†I am told that he used to run training classes for welders and send them out in the world with diplomas and a full kit of equipment. These graduates were eagerly sought after, because they were highly skilled, but, somehow or other, they could not use a rod made by any company except Lincoln.

Wakers in Darkness

By Marguerite Janvrin Adams

WAKERS in darkness wage a fight
more grim, more terrible than fate;
in the blind cycle of the night
all logic must capitulate.

The elongated, spectral trees
grimace against the windowpane,
against the door death and disease
pound in the slanting of the rain.

Mirrors reflect an astral glow,
the marble mantel spreads in size,
and in each usual sound they know
an interloper in disguise.

So dream the sleepless, their belief
the shadow, night the calendar
by which to measure bane and grief,
to wage their personal war.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

OBSOLUTELY!

IN CASE you were thinking about going to Russia, an outfit named the World Tourists, Inc., 18 West 23rd St., New York, has the tickets ready and waiting. We dropped down there the other day, and found them to be official representatives for Intourist, the Soviet national travel office.

Not many people going to Russia, these days, Mr. Louis Berdansky told us. He wishes things would loosen up. He sold about fifty tickets last year, mostly to furriers who were invited to attend a sale in Leningrad last July.

When a client wants to go to Russia Berdansky can sell him packaged accommodations right here in New York, which include a hotel room in Russia, three meals, a glass of tea, and sightseeing every day. The package comes in three classes, $19 a day first class, $15 a day second class, $10 third class. Berdansky says he can't guarantee what hotel the traveler will get. His instructions are to cable his client's arrival to Intourist, 1 Gorky St., Moscow, deduct his ten per cent, and deposit the balance to Russia's account at the Chase National Bank. He is also authorized to sell tickets on the Russian railroads, a rather complicated procedure, the way we hear it, even for a Russian railroad conductor. Berdansky issued a ticket from Odessa to Leningrad right from 23rd St. recently, and as far as he knows his client has not been reported overdue.

A round-trip air passage, New York to Moscow, costs about $900, and you have a choice of routes. Scandinavian and American Airlines fly as far as Helsinki, and Pan American has regular service to Prague and Vienna. At either of these transfer points Aeroflot, the Russian national airline, picks up passengers for the flight into the USSR. There is only one ship ferrying passengers to Russia these days, the *M.V. Rossia,* which plies between New York and Odessa, and charges $200 a head each way.

"We don't know anything about policy down here," Mr. Berdansky assured us. "It's all up to 7 East 61st St. If they clear you with Moscow, I'm ready with the tickets."

Seven East 61st St., a gray stone mansion opposite the elegant Hotel Pierre, houses the Russian consulate in New York, about as close to Moscow as we got. While waiting to be received up there, we took to looking through some Soviet magazines, and hastily took note, not without a little twinge of conscience, that winter sports are going great guns behind the iron curtain. Muscovites are calling Sokolniki Park the "Russian Switzerland," the ski jump in the Lenin Hills is a beauty, and every February or March, the best lady skier of the Soviet is awarded the title "Mistress of Uktuss Hills." We also overheard an IBM man briskly selling the Russians a new, 1948 timeclock. "It's so your *workers* can punch in and out," he was saying.

At length we were ushered inside by one L. Fedotov, a sallow-faced individual whose office contained a plain desk, two chairs, and a radio which was turned on full blast.

Things weren't just right for tourism now in Russia, Mr. Fedotov told us over the din of the radio. By spring he expected things would be better. "Obsolutely," he said.

There were no hotel rooms to be had. Two and a half million people had been made homeless. Over 1,700 towns and 25,000 villages had been completely destroyed, he told us. It was as if all of Norway and Belgium had been completely wiped out.

Just now the Soviet Union was issuing visas only to business people who had connections with some firms in Russia, and certain correspondents. Could these people move about Russia with freedom? "Obsolutely!" said Mr. Fedotov.

Did he think strained relations between our countries had anything to do with the present restrictions? "The big-shot press," exploded Mr. Fedotov slamming a pile of *New York Times* that lay on his desk. "That Drew Middleton, he must have written from his cabinet, all imagination," he said. "Steinbeck made couple mistakes, but much better." Mr. Fedotov reflected that Americans do not want war, "but if somebody hit Russia, Russia hit back twice." American military expenditures are thirty per cent of the national budget, he said, catching us up in a whirl of figures; Russia's defense costs only seventeen per cent. "Now who wants war?" he asked.

Mr. Fedotov handed us a visa form printed in Russian and English which asks twenty-one questions. We noted some of the likelier interrogations:

1. Surname of applicant and patronymic.
2. First names and patronymic.
5. Nationality: present and former (if any).
6. What nationality.
8. If employed—where, by what organization, name of it.
17. If participated in military operations against the USSR, on what front, when, what unit, in what capacity, conscript or volunteer.
20. To what political party do you belong (or have you belonged)? State date of adherence and in case of withdrawal, give cause and date.

Giving the above mentioned, I beg to allow me the entrance into the USSR.

After filling out this form, and another which is altogether in Russian, the only thing we'd need, Mr. Fedotov said, was three photographs, and two copies of an autobiography. It was not always necessary to clear with Moscow, our man assured us, and if all our qualifications were in order, we

—*Tass.*

A Russian airline loads up its passengers—tickets were being issued "right from 23rd St."

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could have our credentials in two weeks to two months.

"Could Drew Middleton get another visa?" we asked.

"Ha! Drew Middleton. Very unsuccessful."

We guessed Russia was just for friends of Russia. "Obsolutely!" thundered Mr. Fedotov.

HORACE SUTTON.

USSR—Red-eyed View

SOVIET RUSSIA. THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By Nicholas Mikhailov. New York: Sheridan House. 1948. 374 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ORIANA ATKINSON

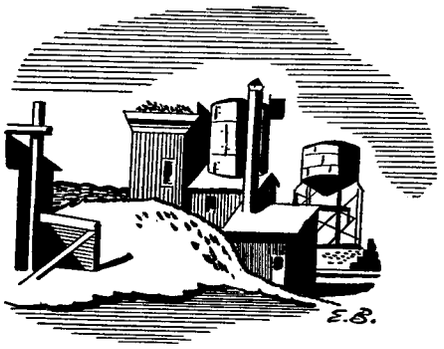
THIS is a new book by the author of "The Land of the Soviets" and "The Russian Story." It is written in the bland and impersonal style of the geographer and the stamp of officialdom is plain upon it. Some of the material on Moscow is a trifle shaky. For instance, the Menin-Pozharsky monument, described as standing near the Cathedral of St. Basil, was removed before 1945; the description of Sverdlov Square omits the Hotel Metropole and some of the museums mentioned are no longer functioning as such.

In spite of the dull and careful manner of presentation, however, the voyages on the little river steamers are delightful and the glimpses of medieval areas being modernized and industrialized are tantalizing. This book is packed with such information and Mr. Mikhailov waxes quietly lyrical over the tremendous advancement being made everywhere under the Soviet banner.

One is puzzled to understand why such a book should have been published in America at this time, since the gates of the USSR are not open to tourists. So the book's worth as a guide book cannot be proved.

The chief interest for us, in this book, lies in the vast transformations going on everywhere under the Soviets. The material on Tbilisi is a good example:

> Tbilisi (Tiflis) is at least 1,500 years old. It is in the center of the Trans-Caucasus and before the revolution was the seat of the Czarist governor. There were more soldiers, police, and civil servants than there were workers. Its only industries were the railway shops and the preparing of tobacco and leather in cottage industries. . . . Soviet power brought industry to Tbilisi. There is a big engineering works which turns out machinery for the oil, tea, and wine industries of the Trans-Caucasus. There are also knitted goods, cloth and silk mills, and a new boot and shoe works that turns



out millions of pairs a year. A huge iron and steel mill is now being built nearby which will supply the whole region with iron.

This tremendous industrial and agricultural development is of the profoundest importance and it is to be regretted that only Soviet citizens can see and appreciate its magnitude.

Oriana Atkinson is the wife of Brooks Atkinson, drama critic of The New York Times, *whom she accompanied to Moscow on a postwar assignment. She is the author of "Over at Uncle Joe's."*

Visit to Hellas

IT'S GREEK TO ME. By Willie Snow Ethridge. New York: Vanguard Press. 1948. 297 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

MARK ETHRIDGE is a careful, thoughtful man who writes very careful, thoughtful editorials and articles for *The Louisville Courier-Journal.* Mr. Ethridge has a wholesome respect for facts and when he reads or hears what seems to be a gross exaggeration he winces in the same way that Maestro Toscanini would wince were his ears assailed by a real clinker from the violin of a beginner. When he married effervescent, irrepressible Willie Snow years ago, Mark took her from her native Georgia to his home town of Louisville.

"I really hate to leave Georgia," she confessed on the train that was speeding them toward Kentucky. "You know, honey, I must have at least a thousand friends in Georgia."

Mark Ethridge blinked and gave his bride a courteous but sharp dissertation on the evils of exaggeration.

"Maybe you have two hundred friends in Georgia," he said, "but not a thousand."

As the train pulled into the station at Louisville, the brand-new Mrs. Mark Ethridge handed her husband a list of names.

"Count them." He did and the number of names totaled exactly one thousand. Since then Mark has always been leery of challenging anything that Willie Snow Ethridge says.

Willie has written a book about a visit to Greece. The State Department sent Mark there on a mission and Willie joined him. She spent some five months in Greece, and "It's Greek to Me" is the story of the new friends she made, the new places she saw, and the new food and drink she encountered. The book shows that Willie Snow has not lost her knack of making friends. It is quite likely that on the return trip she turned to Mark and said wistfully, "I really hate to leave Greece. You know, honey, I must have at least a thousand friends in Greece." If she did say that I am sure Mark did nothing this time but nod in agreement. Willie Snow certainly met at least a thousand people there—from the late King to a vivacious girl named Eleni who served as her guide. She liked practically everyone she met and when you are through reading "It's Greek To Me," you find yourself liking practically everyone you have met in the book.

For the most part Willie Snow has avoided the complicated business of explaining Greek politics and the complexities of our own relations with the Greek Government and with the Greek guerillas. This is not due to any unawareness or disinterest on her part. She merely felt that such subjects did not lend themselves to a casual, frivolous treatment. In any case her husband Mark was so much better than she in untangling diplomatic complexities. So Willie Snow stuck to her knitting and when she finally laid down her needles she had given us a gaily colored, amusing, and delightful pattern. This was all she set out to do.

Occasionally and inevitably Willie ran across some particularly horrible reminder of what the war did to Greece and then she dropped her sense of fun and reported what she had seen with simplicity and restraint.

For the most part, however, "It's Greek to Me" is sheer, unadulterated fun, but because Willie Snow Ethridge has obviously learned a great deal about the business of reporting from her eminent husband the book cannot be dismissed as pure meringue. It is slightly reminiscent of the fine book Oriana Atkinson did while visiting Moscow with her distinguished husband. If this keeps up, newspapers and magazines will henceforth establish a practice of leaving the foreign correspondents home and sending their wives abroad to do the work.

Quentin Reynolds, well-known foreign correspondent, has written several books, including "Seventy Thousand to One" and "Dress Rehearsal."

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NEW EDITIONS

HAROLD A. SMALL and the University of California Press deserve our gratitude for having edited and embodied in a delightful volume, "Form and Function" ($2.75), eight essays by Horatio Greenough, reprinted with minor corrections and alterations from Tuckerman's "Memorial of Horatio Greenough," published in 1853, shortly after its subject's death. To read these original, explorative, brilliantly intelligent, hard-hitting papers on art, architecture, and esthetic theory, is to understand why Van Wyck Brooks rediscovered Greenough with enthusiasm, why Matthiessen devoted to him a section of "American Renaissance." Our first American professional sculptor may have journeyed east to Italy to learn and live, but in the wilderness of esthetics he was as bold as any Western-looking pioneer.

Born in 1805, dead in 1852, he anticipated the ideas of Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Le Corbusier. Writing in the 1840's, he declared: "To plant a building firmly on the ground; to give it the light that may, the air that must, be needed; to apportion the spaces for convenience, decide their size, and model their shapes for their functions—these acts organize a building." Distinguishing the two great classes of buildings as "organic, formed to meet the wants of their occupants, or monumental, addressed to the sympathies, the faith, or the taste of a people," he asserted that the former, whose laws of structure depend upon definite wants, "may be called machines." He saw decline in "the adoption of admired forms and models for purposes not contemplated in their invention." He urged men "to learn principles, not copy shapes"; found "the first downward step" in the introduction of the first non-functional element; and asserted that formal embellishments merely "accuse a vacuum," without filling it. He demolished Burke's flimsy theories, and the ideas of those who would set up arbitrary laws of proportion. Finally, he defined "Beauty as the promise of Function; Action as the presence of Function; Character as the record of Function."

But, to appreciate Greenough, one must at least read all of the eight essays, sympathetically introduced by Erle Loran. And the Greenough sculpture? Ah, that is another matter. As Emerson said of him, his "tongue was far cunninger to talk than his chisel to carve."

A very different book from which one may learn something of form and function is Van Campen Heilner's "Our American Game Birds" (Garden City Publishing Co., $2.95). This authoritative guide, accurately illustrated by nineteen color plates and twenty-one line drawings by Lynn Bogue Hunt, is a fascinating volume, valuable for its informative appendices as well as for the body of its text, in which the author mingles scientific lore with a sportsman's anecdotes and comments. Do you know how to cook *Melanitta deglandi*, the salt water coot? Boil it, along with a large smooth stone, says Mr. Heilner. "When you can stick a fork in the stone, the coot is done."

Robert Nathan's "The Bishop's Wife" (Grosset & Dunlap, $1) is twenty years old, but its heart-beat is stronger than that of some juniors from the same pen. Nathan's prose is always light and clear; and, at its best, strong. It has been perfected to tell the kind of simple tale he likes to tell, for he also understands form and function. If his beginings often seem to promise more than his endings give, well—that is true, too, of many famous sonnets.

At sight of "Nothing but Wodehouse" (Sundial Press, $1.59), edited by Ogden Nash, an acquaintance demanded: How can one read Wodehouse in the atomic age? One might as well ask how one could read him after Ypres, Verdun, and the Somme. He is no more remote from reality than he ever was. To deny the delights of the fluffiest pastry, simply because brave men died before Agamemnon, does no one any good—or honor. . . . A fit companion to "Our American Game Birds" is Howard M. Salisbury's "Duck Guns, Shooting and Decoying" (Grosset, $1.50), presented as "the soundest and most comprehensive book on the subject ever published." . . . Vice reigns unconfined in "The Barbary Coast" (Pocket, 25¢), Herbert Asbury's history of the golden age of San Francisco's bagnios. . . . For the piano: Random House's "A Treasury of Stephen Foster," now made available by Grosset ($1.49). Arrangements by Ray Lev and Dorothy Berliner Commins, foreword by Deems Taylor, illustrations by William Sharp, biographical note by John Tasker Howard.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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STRANGE AURAL ILLUSIONS

AN UNLOOKED-FOR psychological factor in our hearing that causes plenty of confusion for not being recognized is the ear's sensitivity to the balance between higher and lower tones in reproduction. If both ends are shaved off, a balance is maintained (though not fidelity). But slice one end without slicing the other and strange aural illusions are created.

The principle is simple enough. We crave a sort of tonal equality, a tit for tat, where each range of higher tones is balanced by a corresponding range of lower tones, on the opposite side of a hypothetical mean. Lacking this equable distribution, our ears react as to an overdose. If bass is lacking, we may seem to "hear" too much high tone —but, given the required bass, *the self-same high sounds,* identically reproduced, seem normal and quite untroublesome. A straight aural illusion, and of enormous significance in judging both records and the sound of various reproducing machines. It works all ways. Given an excess of bass, we hear a muffled lack of highs; remove the bass and the very same highs are unmuffled and adequately brilliant. Strange but true. The *apparent* lack or excess of any tonal component depends, in part, upon the quality of its opposite.

This quirk of the ear accounts, you will see, for many a bitter argument, and for much inexplicable displeasure. In the sound, for instance, of the new table FM sets, that give increased range of high tones, but lack bass: thus unbalanced, FM sounds harsh, scratchy, tinny, and quite rightly so; given a bigger machine with more bass, FM comes into its own. A record that seems to have adequate high tones as played on a table machine sounds unaccountably muffled on a larger one (with more bass) even though, again, the actual higher tones may be identically reproduced. Here is a notable disadvantage of older records as heard on large, expensive machines—the powerful bass, though legitimate and a part of the original music, only serves to make audible a lack of high tones that on a small machine, is seldom noticed. Hence, too, the impression of muffledness and booming quality that many big phonographs give, on first hearing. The bigger your machine and the more bass it gives, the more vital to you are the higher tones. Hence also the surprisingly satisfactory sound of the small plastic table radio, which though entirely lacking in bass and lacking in most highs, too, achieves thereby a balance that may be musically false but is, for the ear, a good one.

It should be remembered that here is merely one of many subtle psychological factors in the hearing. Habit, familiarity (see *SRL* Dec. 27, 1947) are perhaps more decisive, though transitory and changeable. The juke box is a prize example of the dominance of habit—a gross imbalance, exaggerated bass, non-existent highs, that nevertheless, through familiarity, seem natural enough to many people. In the average table phonograph the opposite imbalance —weak bass, stronger highs—is as popular! We are nothing if not inconsistent. Moreover some high-quality table models (the Piccadilly, *SRL* July 19, 1947) seem to defy the law by giving fine reproduction with a greatly extended high range and, theoretically, no additional bass to speak of. (Perhaps there is more bass than theory would allow?)

Few arguments will be settled by this factor. Too much else is involved. But it is important that those who judge "tone quality" for themselves should know of the basic and unchangeable illusions that our ears create from the sound waves that reach them. Here, definitely, is one type of illusion that any reader may investigate for himself.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE CAPTIVE

"Leading the guerrillas was a woman dressed in khaki. She marched proudly, without flinching. At her side were two men, their chins thrust out. Blood ran freely from a gash on one's forehead."
—Dispatch from Salonika on the captured Greek guerrillas.

PHALANX, and fury-faces of the crowd;
The trophies of the spear;
The ageless triumph; and, with head unbowed,
The bloodied mutineer.

Yet, for the muddied rags and powder grime
But firm unflinching tread,
Across the Gulf a sky rolls back in time
On the great Hellene dead.

O screaming pythia, timeless oracle,
Voice of the stream and oak,
Now prophesy for all the brave who fell,
Upraise this tortured folk,

Resolve this fratricide! Look where she goes
Dauntless beneath the spears,
A portent, whatsoever path she chose,
A woman without tears!

Here, in that face—gorged though be all with hate,
Howling, who will not see—
Burns the white fire that made Plataea great.
There moves Thermopylae.

* * *

It was certainly a bad dream. A member of the U. S. Central Committee was waiting on me. The first thing he said was, "You are dishonoring the great American people by your levity! Picture them and their labors as they really are!" I pointed out that THE NEST was supposed to be rather on the lighter side. "Ha!" he said, "but you boast of your novelty and arch-revolutionarism, while all the time you are a supporter of the most backward and musty conservatism!" I merely remarked that, as a matter of fact, THE NEST was not trying very hard to be either, but just fairly amusing and varied. "Falsely understood novelty!" he erupted. "You have wrenched yourself away from the demands of the artistic taste of the American people, and have become an esthetic specialist and a philological gourmet! Your verse has developed the methods of classical poetry and supports a primitive traditionalism and epigonism—!" "Don't you call me degenerate!" I broke in, now getting a little heated. "See!" he bellowed. "You are displaying a haughty intolerance to the least manifestation of criticism! You have circulated a rotten theory that people who do not understand your verse are not grown up, and that your work is sure to win public acclaim in one hundred years!" "Why," I gasped, "I never any such thing—I—" "Not only that," he rumbled on, "but you have been treating haughtily writers who try conscientiously to master and develop methods of classical poetry. You have denied to the American people their rightful artistic tastes. You worship atonality, dissonance, and disharmony; you re-

nounce such important foundations of poetry as melody! [*"Don't either!"* I muttered furiously.] You cherish a passion for muddled neuropathic combinations of words violating the many-voiced structure common to our people and to our capitalistic form of society—" "Look!" I said. "If you try to dictate to any writer—!" "This is a warning from the Committee," he said. "You had better take it to heart! The next time—!" "Are you actually threatening an emancipated and independent American writer?" I asked amazed. "We are going to see that you produce a high quality of ideological works," he cried sententiously. "They must be thoroughly American and not fail to praise our great leaders, Truman, Taft, and Vandenberg! They must not be a mere cacophonic and chaotic heap of sounds. They must advance the standards of free enterprise. They must smash harmful views and theories. We are going to liquidate all shortcomings and crush this slavish praise of T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden. We are going to see to the development of American poetry in a realistic direction!" "This is intolerable," I cried. "Who are you anyway—and who set up this boneheaded Central Committee? I—" Then I realized that I was sitting up in bed, that the bedclothes had somehow slipped to the floor, and that cold breezes were blowing in at the window. "Great Jehoshaphat!" I moaned to myself, "What a nightmare! What on earth do you suppose could have caused me to imagine anything like that?"

* * *

READER REACTION

Those novelists leave me completely unstirred
Who seem to believe that "psychology"
Is a synonym for a three-letter word
That's a synonym for "biology"!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH.

* * *

THEMES TO FORGET

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
Loitered through lofty poetry and prose,
Reveled in words magnificent and bold,
As clean and crisp as any wind that blows.
So now I wade through students' compositions,
Through language that is alien and forbidding,
Spelling and grammar shorn of inhibitions,
And sentences that set my temper skidding.

O you who glory in the written word,
Who love to cradle books in hands caressing,
The fall from heights of heaven to the absurd
Can be effected with a speed distressing.
I'll show you how to do such tumbling capers—
Just spend an evening with me marking papers!

JACOB C. SOLOVAY.

* * *

A KITTEN SHOULD HAVE LAUGHTER

Somewhere within its register
Of sounds, before its mew, or after,
Or silver bell-like through its purr,
I think a kitten should have laughter.

For when oncoming tides of fun
From time to time flow over it,
It has no option but to run,
And leap and somersault and spit!

ELAINE V. EMANS.

* * *

THEOREM

Theirs, ours, the first
prepared assault accursed.

Ours, theirs, the last
apocalyptic blast.

Demonstrable by war:
a cinder for a star.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

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MATURE WOMAN, neither coy nor pretentious, would like to correspond with adult male interested in people, events, and the arts. Box 199-Y.

WANTED: Metal artist's manikin ball-socket, detachable joints made Switzerland pre-war. Describe. Box 200-Y.

ORANGES. Tree ripened, sweet, juicy. 13 pounds (about 36 fruit). $2.30, express prepaid. Recipes. Satisfaction guaranteed. S. Haverland Rouse, 1521 Hillcrest Rd., Santa Barbara, Calif.

MAGAZINE WRITER desires information about small, amateur, musical groups, vocal, instrumental, *to complete files for projected article.* Box 201-Y.

TNEC—Wanted, copy of Monograph No. 26 of TNEC, Economic Power and Political Pressure, by Blaisdell & Greverus. Karl Schriftgiesser, 19 Hubbard Park, Red Bank, N. J.

ENLARGEMENTS IN ALBUM FORM developed and printed in one continuous story-telling arrangement. Any 8-exposure roll reproduced this novel, loose-leaf way for only 30¢. Reprints 4¢ each. Extra prompt service! Clip this ad for free mailers. Larga-Pic, Box Z-16, Brookline, Mass.

IS THERE AN UNTALENTED FEMALE who would enjoy correspondence with a likewise ungifted male? Box 211-Y.

VERVE MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 1. Perfect condition. J. W. Sprung, 136 Park St., Circleville, Ohio.

PERSONABLE YOUNG LADY seeks secretarial employment evenings, weekends. Adaptable, conscientious. N.Y.C. Box 213-Y.

MATURE WOMAN, varied interests, wishes correspondence from refined gentleman. Box 214-Y.

GIRL wants copy of Invitation to the Dance, in good condition. Box 215-Y.

YOUNG BOOK CLUB eager to correspond with literate people interested in saving 25% on books of their own choice—except textbooks. Box 217-Y.

PERSONALS

WRITE NEWS FEATURES for profit and pleasure. Instructions and other helps by a specialist. Write *P. O. Box 442, Washington 4,* D.C.

TO THE GROLIER CLUB MEMBERSHIP:—BOOK HANDBOOK is a delight that all book-lovers dote on. It gives information from those who know about odd points in books, about their authors, printers, publishers and previous possessors. Also about bookplates, autographs, letters, documents, *illustrations and bindings.* A happy and perfect companion, published quarterly in London, and mailed directly to your address, for $3.00 a year. *Prompt ordering is vital to secure the four numbers* for 1948. Now is none too soon. British Publications, Inc., Dept. S, 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16. Phone: MUrray Hill 9-2242.

YOUNG MAN, photography student, seeks apprenticeship to photographer who works with meaning. Living wage required. Box 203-Y.

OPPORTUNITY DEPARTMENT: We are about to open a dining room in connection with our established tourist—hunting—fishing lodge in the Allegheny Mountains. It will be an ideal situation for a ca*pable, country-minded couple, either as employees*-cook and helper around the place at not much money and a swell life—or as concessionaries with as profitable a business as you want to make it, and the same swell life. Room with bath provided. Fifteen acres of rich bottom land available if you want to run a truck garden. Pine Creek Lodge, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe—Counselor, 342 Madison Avenue (44 St.) N.Y.C. Phone MUrray Hill 2-0253.

SINCERE MISS, semitically-minded, progressive, refined, congenial, interesting, will correspond gentleman similar attributes. Box 221-Y.

EXCHANGE LARGE HOME, Middletown, Connecticut, Manhattan, N.Y.C. apartment. Couple and child. July, August. Box 222-Y.

CORRESPONDENCE DESIRED with refined, mature woman interested in music, arts. Box 223-Y.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18, Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12., double room and bath, $17.50, Sittingroom, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

CITY DEADLINES HAMSTRING YOUNG MALE'S writing project. Presently employed. B.F.A. Desire semi-isolation but adequate living facilities, West Coast, exchange for companion-secretary duties. References. Box 224-Y.

PRIVATE ROOM WITH BATH and board in Greater New York for cultured woman to act as companion *to widow aged 48 interested in art,* music, traveling. References required. Box 225-Y.

THRILL YOUR HOSTESS OR GUESTS with plastic personalized cocktail stirrers. Green, red, white, amber, or blue. Name imprinted in gold. 8 for $1.35; 16 for $2.40; Plastic coasters to match: 4 for $1.35; 8 for $2.40; 16 for $4.50. Price includes postage. Box 226-Y.

WANTED: August 18, 1945 issue of the Saturday Review of Literature. Box 227-Y.

GRADUATE MEDICAL STUDENT (*pediatrics*) wants part-time work starting after 6 P.M. Baby-sitting, etc. References. Box 228-Y.

WRITER with country house offers writer (male) room, bath, breakfast in return for three hours typing daily. Box 925, Southampton, N. Y.

LONELY? Then quickly win friends by playing piano by ear with my original Radio Technique. Complete 7 lessons-in-1 Course shows you how to plan any tune you can whistle, hum or sing—often in one hour. Just mail a postcard today. On arrival, pay *postman only $1.98 plus small C.O.D. charge.* Money back guarantee. Sidney Smith, Dept. S, 1112 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

POSITION WANTED. Secretarial, research, editorial *assistant, public relations, copy-writing. Temporary,* permanent. N.Y.C. Telephone TRfalgar 7-6910.

WHALING. Novelist seeking new material on American whalers, ashore and afloat. Log-books, diaries, *letters, old newspaper clippings, personal reminis*cences welcomed. Box 214-X.

COULD MATURE, intelligent woman, capable managing, housekeeping, cooking, with stalwart son (16) *find summer employment west Rockies. References.* Box 229-Y.

SMOLLETT BIBLIOGRAPHIES: 1) Criticism, 1925-1945: 50¢, 2) Criticism, 1770-1924; $1.00. Dr. Cordasco, LIU, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 728

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

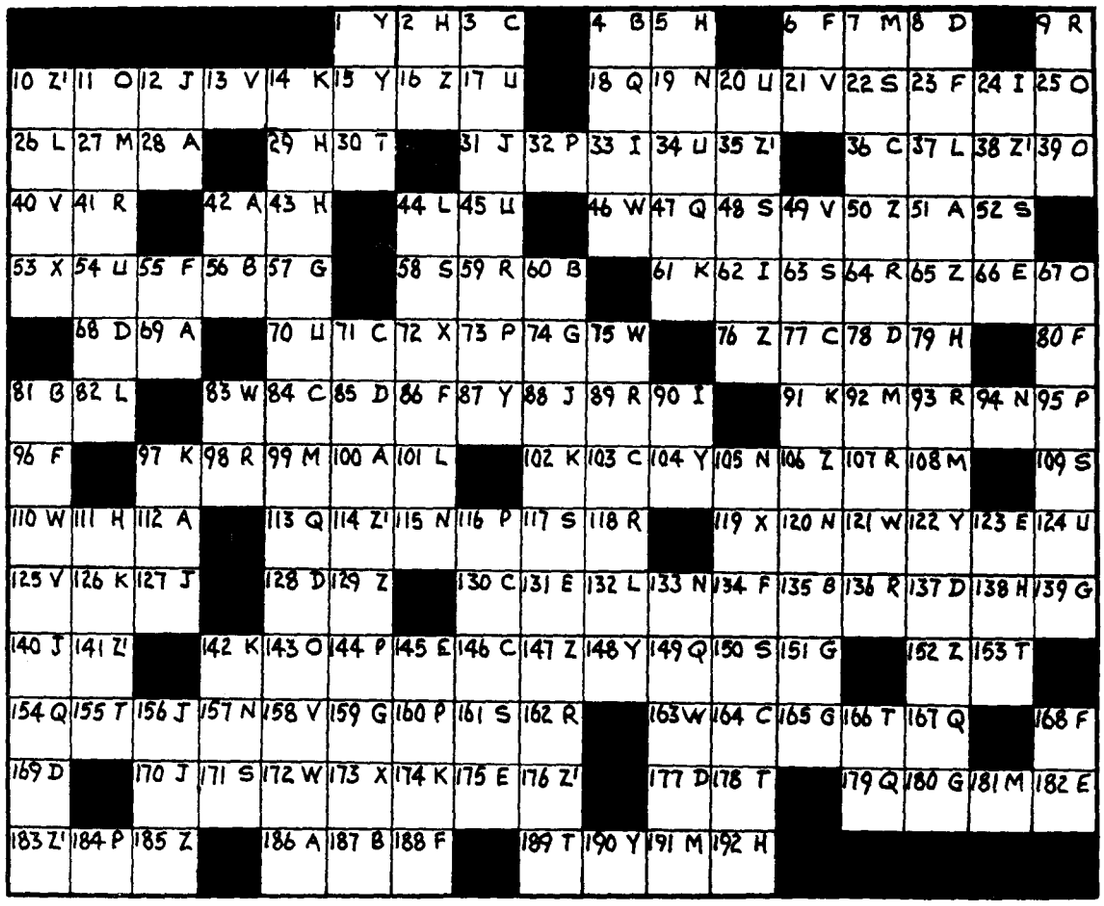
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. State of being without life.	186 51 100 69 112 42 28
B. A small circular valley, usually one containing a house (S.W.U.S.).	81 56 187 135 4 60
C. Dread of, or aversion to, novelty.	84 3 103 130 77 71 36 164 146
D. Battle, Nov. 1853, defeat of Russians by Turks (mod. sp.).	177 137 68 8 169 128 85 78
E. To spread lavishly (upon; said of food).	182 131 66 175 123 145
F. Halved.	188 138 23 134 96 86 80 6 55
G. Mundane; a land or realm.	159 74 57 139 180 165 151
H. Tributary of Limpopo River, Transvaal, Union of So. Africa.	29 192 111 5 138 2 79 43
I. Ruler of the realm of the dead (Persian myth.).	90 24 33 62
J. Mother of Phrixos (Gr. myth.).	156 12 170 31 127 140 88
K. American historian and diplomat (1800-91).	91 142 14 102 126 174 61 97
L. Hydrous, manganese silicate, occurring in reddish platy masses (mineral.).	82 101 132 26 44 37
M. A laced stomacher (Fr.; hist.).	99 181 7 92 191 108 27
N. American woman - suffrage leader (1815-1902).	157 133 120 19 105 94 115

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Name of British mail steamer involved in diplomatic affair with U. S. (Nov. 1861).	25 11 67 39 143
P. Not modified in color or hue (poetic).	32 184 116 160 95 73 144
Q. To cause to go or leave.	179 149 167 113 18 154 47
R. A pseudonym of Thackeray's in his early writing.	93 162 64 89 107 59 9 118 136 41 98
S. Too energetic.	58 161 171 22 117 48 109 63 150 52
T. Harvested by turning in livestock to eat the crop (2 wds.).	189 155 166 153 30 178
U. To draw the arm back to gain impetus for a blow (2 wds.).	54 34 124 17 45 20 70
V. First actor to be knighted (1895).	158 49 125 21 13 40
W. Successor to Grant in 1869 as commander of the Army.	75 110 83 172 163 46 121
X. "Corporal," Uncle Toby's attendant in "Tristram Shandy."	53 72 173 119
Y. Canadian province of which Toronto is the capital.	1 104 148 190 87 15 122
Z. To punish by requiring temporary absence, as from a college.	106 65 129 152 50 147 16 76 185
Z'. One of the largest rivers of the world, in Siberia, to the Arctic Ocean.	141 114 35 183 176 10 38

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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an extraordinary novel out of Germany

On The Marble Cliffs

BY ERNST JUENGER

No German book of the war period has aroused more discussion in Europe than On The Marble Cliffs. *Although its story is obviously anti-Nazi it got by Goebbel's censors and was published in Germany in 1939, bringing joy to thousands who saw through Hitler. As a work of literature, it is unique, both in kind and in quality.* On The Marble Cliffs *will live, on its merits as a novel, long after its interest as an historical curiosity has waned. Printed below are a few comments from critics who have read advance copies of the English translation by Stuart Hood.*

STEPHEN SPENDER says: "Ernst Juenger is, so far as it seems possible to know, the only great master of the German language living and writing in Germany today. In *On The Marble Cliffs* he creates a legend of our time in the tradition of the great Symbolist writers."

MAX LERNER says: "I regard *On The Marble Cliffs* as a little masterpiece, recording the struggle of the human spirit in our time. I know Juenger's earlier record, and I know that he flirted for a time in the antechambers of Nazi thinking. But that's why this book of his, written on the high tide of Hitler's power comes with all the greater force as an intellectual and moral rejection of any form of tyranny. It is a dense and yet somehow luminous allegory. It has an almost insupportable richness of language and imagery. It could not have been written except by a man within whose own heart the deepest forces of our time have fought it out like a coil of wild serpents. This book is one of the few literary monuments that stand out on the desert waste of Hitler's Germany."

The reviewer for THE NEW STATESMAN (London) wrote: "What Juenger is recounting in this remarkable and in my opinion beautiful novel is the breakdown of a civilization—any civilization—and the method he uses is akin to that of a dream, a dream of quite extraordinary hallucinatory clarity and lucidity, but with all the dream's layer upon layer of symbolism, its fusion of imagery, its mysterious initial assumptions, its disturbing sense of being more real than waking reality. . . . *On The Marble Cliffs* is magical and disturbing. Juenger's grave, gnomic, pessimistic utterances are suggestive of Yeats, with whose aristocratic ideal the German writer has much in common. . . . The effect of the novel is that of a poem and one suspects that, as with poetry, continued submission to it will lead to the unfolding of layer after layer of meaning. Publisher and translator alike are to be congratulated on having made this work of a European master available to us."

The critic for THE LONDON TIMES wrote: *"On The Marble Cliffs* is a recapitulation of the loss of grace which underlies tyranny, a recapitulation, by a man who has attained maturity, of the futility of violence. . . . It is like a piece of quartz whose changing light reveals some new vision at each aspect . . . Juenger delves deep into the crystal of natural beauty and draws from it strangely pure universal truths."

Readers are also referred to two articles on the work of Ernst Juenger which recently appeared in American literary magazines, one in the Sept.-Oct. 1947 issue of Partisan Review *by Louis Clair, and one in the Fall 1947 issue of* Furioso, *by Gerhard Loose.*

At all bookstores. $2.50

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK—500 V, N.Y.C. 18

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